

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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transmission by post as a
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June 5, 1943

PRICE

3d



General Sir Thomas Blamey

The Far Hills Sing

By
A. R. BOSWORTH

AT first she was just a Voice, heard intermittently through the darkness and the recurrent red stabs of pain, pleading with Jimmy Turner. He lay in a naval hospital in the Middle East, not knowing how long it had been since that day his ship had been bombed. Not caring, either, about the passage of time, in which days and nights were alike.

He thought curiously how much the Voice was like a radio with a faulty connection: the words came and sometimes faded, and sometimes broke in their middle when the pain struck, and came back later. How much later he couldn't tell. But the Voice was still there, begging him to set his teeth and fight—begging him to get well.

He heard the doctors, too, mostly without their knowing it. One of them said something about the will to live. If it hadn't been for the bandages Able-Seaman Jimmy Turner could have laughed, cynically and bitterly.

Live for what? Not to fight again at the guns of another destroyer—because a blind man can't fight. Get well for whom? Not for Jimmy Turner, who wasn't really half so lucky as those lads who weren't blown clear of the ship—the men who went down with her. And certainly not for Barbara Gates.

If Barbara changed her mind now it would be out of pity. The last thing Jimmy Turner wanted in the world was pity from anybody.

"Listen, Jimmy!" the Voice pleaded. "You've got to get well! You've got to get well for Barbara. Don't you remember?"

Remember? He remembered that roar swelling in the skies, and the first bomb, and the ominous measured note of the warning howler. He remembered the clang of jacketed bullets on armor plate, and men falling, and the brief, satisfying thrill of directing turret fire that smashed one bomber before it could get overhead.

"You remember Barbara Gates, don't you?" the Voice asked again. Yes, of course. Back in school. Oh, a long time before that, even. Wearing a red ribbon and socks, and begging him to give her a ride on the handle-bars of his new bike. And another day when he carried her books home, and things were never the same afterwards.

THE pain came again and blacked out even memory. When it had subsided he heard the Voice once more, and he thought of Barbara sitting across a table in the Corner Café, promising to wait even if the war lasted ten years. And now—

"Nurse!" he whispered painfully. "She's written? There's—there's mail since—"

"You bet there is, Jimmy," the Voice said. "It's been piling up for you. You've been here quite a while, you know."

"Not the old letters?" He fought now for the first time; he had to

"I don't want pity from you—or anyone," Jimmy said abruptly.

hold on to consciousness and hear the answer. "I had a bundle of old letters in my room. Aboard ship."

"The ship's gone, Jimmy," the Voice reminded him gently. "No, these are new."

"Wait a minute," Jimmy whispered. He turned the soothing quality of the Voice in his mind. He said, "Nurse, you're from Wales!"

Her laugh was soft and warm and lazy. She said, "Well, you're pretty nearly right, Jimmy—I came from Shropshire. You be quiet now, and I'll read you the first letter."

He was quiet.

"It begins 'Jimmy, darling,'" the Voice said. "It's dated at Brecon Hill, just over a month ago."

The Voice was a gentleness and a soothing anodyne against pain. Sometimes a voice is created expressly for saying the beautiful words like "darling" and "mother" and "love," and the Voice was one of these rarities.

Jimmy Turner was entranced. "Are you sure?" he whispered. "Does it really say that?"

"Sure does, 'Jimmy, darling.' And it goes on: 'I'm all excited, and a little bit worried, too, about what I think you're doing. I'm glad you're not in the Atlantic—oh, my dear, if anything ever happened to you I'd die! But it won't, will it, darling? And nothing can last always, can it? Not even separation, because nothing lasts always but love. And when it's over again we can be together, like we've planned for so long. Jimmy, I wish you could see this country now. It's—'"

The Voice faltered a little.

Jimmy Turner set his teeth. "Go on, nurse," he whispered grimly.

"It's as green as a park because we have had so much rain, and so far there hasn't been any cold weather. You'd think it was spring, Jimmy. I'm surprised every time I look at the hills and don't see bluebells rippling in the wind. Remember that picnic we went on the summer before you left school—the time we ate so much ice cream you boys had to build a fire so that everybody could get warm again? There were bluebells then, dear, and yellow buttercups and larkspur. There was a snake, and I screamed and ran to you, and you laughed at me and killed it."

"You were my hero, darling, as you'll always be. Hurry and write to me, Jimmy," The Voice sighed. "It's signed, 'All my love, Barbara.'"

Jimmy Turner forgot the pain. He lay drinking in the remembered sweetness of a world that was bright and young and peaceful. "All my love!" he whispered. "Yes. Yes, there were bluebells that day."

Then anxiously he went on: "That letter must be old. I mean she must have written it before the last one I got."

"When was the last one?" the Voice asked quickly.

"September. About the fifteenth." "Then you're wrong," said the Voice. "This is postmarked September eighteenth."

"But she didn't say anything

about him," Jimmy Turner muttered. "She didn't even mention Joe—Joe Davis."

"Not a word," said the Voice reassuringly. "I think that means she doesn't really care anything about Joe. So I wouldn't worry."

"Would you read me another letter, now?"

She laughed. "Not to-day! The doctor said one a day. Besides, they'll last longer that way."

Jimmy sighed. "Thank you, nurse—you're very kind. And I still think you're from Wales, too. What's your name?"

"It's Mary."

He heard her pushing her chair back. He said: "Mary—that's nice. I like that name."

"Good-bye until to-morrow, Jimmy. Remember to get better; if you get better, you get another letter!"

His whole face hurt from the effort of moving his lips, and every breath was torture. But he didn't let the pain stab him into unconsciousness after the Voice had gone—not even when doctors came and removed some of the bandages and talked in low, professional tones. And Jimmy, who hadn't cared, kept breathing consciously. Kept thinking about to-morrow, and about a thousand yesterdays.

About the letter in which Barbara had written about Joe Davis—not saying much, but going on to tell him how she worried about being married to a sailor, not knowing where her husband was half the time—knowing only that he was in danger. In effect, she was weary of waiting for her knight to return with a collection of dragons' teeth.

JOE DAVIS was

the son of the Brecon Hill tanner. He was solid and steady; instead of riding forth to slay dragons, he'd stayed in the peaceful hills and gone into his father's business. He'd be working now on Government jobs.

Jimmy thought; But she must have changed her mind—there must be another letter that hasn't caught up with me yet.

A nurse came and fed him with soup through a glass tube, and smoothed his bed, and by these things he knew that night had come. In utter darkness there are only memories of the light you have known.

Sometimes the Voice entered softly, and sometimes with a merry clicking of high heels.

"You're all dressed up, Mary," he told her one day.

She laughed tantalizingly. "And how'd you guess?"

"You aren't wearing those flat shoes, I don't hear your uniform

swishing around. And you smell sweet."

"Jimmy, you're really getting well—this perfume is supposed to be very subtle. But there's one thing that worries me."

"What's that?"

She hesitated. "Well—you're wrapping yourself in the past, with these letters. You don't seem to care about the future. You never ask anything about the war, Jimmy. Why?"

"I know we'll win!" Jimmy said fiercely. "But it's over for me—I can't get out there and fight. What good does it do me to talk about it?"

"You were about to die," the Voice said gently. "You aren't going to, now, and that's because you didn't give up. Why don't you tell yourself you're going to see again—why give up so easily on that?"

He laughed bitterly. "I overheard the doctors talking yesterday. That new one—Simons. He said something about a twenty-to-one chance. Well, I was never lucky at long odds. Why not admit to myself that the best I can ever do is to make brooms? Make brooms!"

That day's letter was unusually poignant in its memories. Of a cricket match on the green and a dance afterwards in the village hall—

"—and you danced every dance but one with me, darling, except those we sat out on a bench under the trees—remember?"

Jimmy chuckled. "The ripe damsons were falling. They ruined Barbara's dance dress. And she was angry about that one dance—I danced it with Rose Evans."

The Voice said: "Listen to this, Jimmy—she'd want you to believe that you'll get well and fight again. She says: 'Jimmy, I've looked at things selfishly in the past. I thought I needed you more than the country did. But I know, now, that I was wrong. I'll wait, darling.'"

When the Voice had gone, he lay thinking about this, wondering.

There came a time when Jimmy Turner's hands were whole again, and he could feel the fat packet of letters the Voice said had come for him. He touched the hand that held it, too; it was soft and warm. And that was when he realised that he had formed his own picture of the way the Voice looked.

He was suddenly curious. "Mary," he said, "tell me what you look like. Are you tall and fair, or small and dark?"

She laughed. "You'd better stick to your imagination. I might be fat and mouse-colored, you know."

"I never heard of an angel who looked like that," Jimmy told her. "But I'll make a guess. You're small. You've got brown hair and very dark eyes."

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Monkeys Without Tails

By
LEON WARE

planes. Although he hadn't fired a shot in the war as yet, Ben thought he could go out happily if he could down just one of those prying planes.

Beside him Corporal Marengo smiled.

"I am glad we did not stay in Zamboanga. I am glad we were sent over here. It will be more fun. There are many monkeys down there."

Ben cocked his eye at the barges, then at the cruiser. Her after turret was swung towards shore, covering the landing. He turned to look down on the village. There was no sign of life there; only a feather of steam curling up from the sawmill's stack.

"It would be fun all right," he said dryly. "Three of us against a hundred."

Corporal Marengo smiled. "You are forgetting the people. We are perhaps two, three hundred against them."

Ben grunted. "Muskets against machine-guns. Fish spears against eight-inch cannon. Suicide!" He looked sharply at Marengo. "You're sure the villagers understand—no shooting? No noise of any kind? Let them burn the village if they want to. We're not here to fight; we're here to protect the supplies. Do they understand that?"

The faint hope went out of the corporal's face. He nodded and sighed with regret. "They understand."

Ben ground his teeth as the barges touched the dock and the squat little men poured ashore. This was a maddening assignment.

While fighting was going on all over the Philippines, he was stationed here with explicit instructions not to indulge in war. He, Corporal Marengo and Private Staseo had been put ashore with an eighteen-inch torpedo, ten drums of gasoline and a drum of lubricating oil.

They were to guard the supplies and keep them on hand in case one of the fleet of motor torpedo boats should show up.

Under no circumstances was anything to be done that might attract the Japs' attention to the supplies. What the major had meant was no shooting. What Ben Higgins had said in reply, diluted and expurgated, had amounted to "Why couldn't the Navy guard its own stuff?" The major had been very definite about that—the Navy had its hands full.

Ben watched the Japs as they deployed and started going through the little houses. He half wished he and the scouts hadn't worked so hard two nights ago to remove the supplies from the shack at the water's edge and transfer them to the tiny island out in the bay. It had been a hunch that made him move them, and the wisdom of it was now apparent.

It was obvious that the Japs had come to Port Holland for just one reason—to capture those supplies.

Somehow, by spies and sabotage, word must have been passed along to them that the supplies were here. Ben grinned caustically as he saw the leader take a group and head for the water-front shack. The little man was in for a surprise.

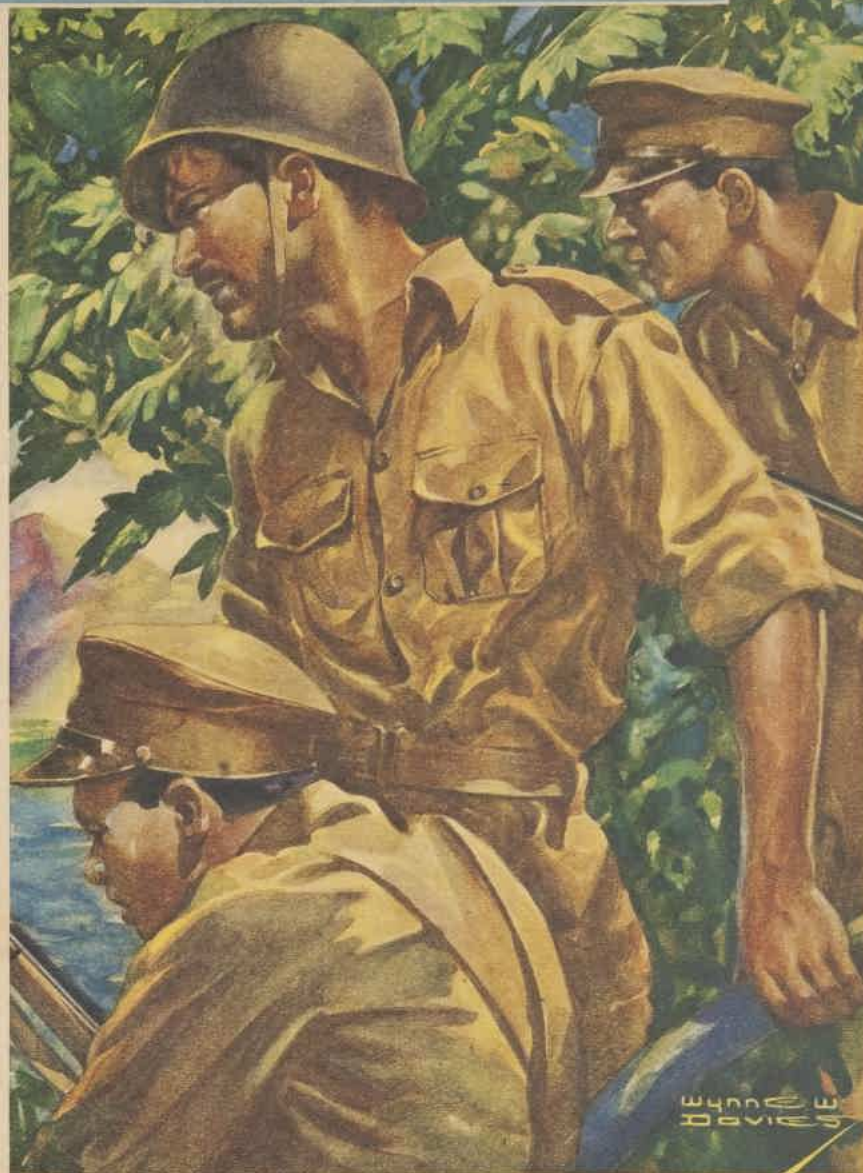
From time to time Japs appeared between the houses with small articles of loot. Smoke began to curl from a few of the houses, and Ben sensed a movement at his elbow. He turned his head.

Private Staseo was peering down the sights of his rifle at the back of the Jap leader, who had popped out of the shack and was bellowing hoarse commands.

"No shooting!" Private Staseo lifted his head. "I know, lieutenant. I will not shoot. I was only thinking what a fine hole I could make in that monkey's back. It is only three hundred yards."

"Three hundred and fifty yards," corrected Corporal Marengo.

Private Staseo shrugged. "It is a big back. Big enough to take care of any little error in distance."



WYNNE W. DAVIES

Ben grunted. "Well, don't think about it too much. Your finger might slip."

Both scouts grinned. Staseo lowered his rifle and sighed. "Maybe the war all over and I get no chance to shoot even one monkey," he murmured.

"If you start shooting now," Ben told him, "none of us'll get a chance. There'll be plenty of opportunities later. Why, man, in the infantry you'll get all the shooting you want! You wait. After we get rid of this stuff we can go out on our own and you can pick off monkeys all day long! I promise you that!"

"Good," said Private Staseo. He threw on the safety catch again.

Ben chuckled as he watched the Japs scampering among the lumber piles. It must be very annoying to the little yellow men to discover that their information, usually so accurate and dependable, was wrong this time. A torpedo was not exactly the best thing in the world to leave lying around. Properly used, it could do a vast amount of damage.

There was a blare from the cruiser. They were getting anxious out there. Even now, although they controlled practically all of the Philippine waters, the Japs were cautious about anchoring—about staying in any one spot too long. They had learned that a motor torpedo boat could appear, launch a torpedo and disappear almost as fast as you could say "sukiyaki." And hitting one of those flying ships was next to impossible.

Private Staseo affectionately rubbed his sleeve across the breech of his rifle. He hummed, "Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga—"

"They always send enough men," Ben complained, staring down at the barges.

Ben looked at him. "Cut it," he said sharply. "If you don't know the rest of the song, cut it."

"I do not know it, sir," Staseo grinned.

"All right, cut it," Ben said.

He lowered his chin on to his hands and watched the puzzled invaders. More than a dozen houses were in flames now. But there was still no sign of protest from the villagers hidden in the hills. They were stoically watching the destruction of their homes, behaving as he had asked them to.

The miracle of the war so far, to Ben Higgins, was the calm dignity, the iron discipline of the Filipinos. Their troops fought beside the Americans, never complaining, never shirking, always eager to do more than their share. Soldiers and natives alike, they had the same bright attitude.

A whistle sounded in the village. The Japs began converging on the wharf. Apparently they had given up their hunt for the torpedo. More houses were burning, but no attempt had been made to fire the sawmill. Obviously, the Japs expected to make use of the mill when they returned to take over their new possessions.

The barges pulled away from the dock. Ben held his breath a long moment, afraid that one of the villagers, maddened by the destruction of his home, would take a parting shot.

That would lead to nothing but a return of the troops. There would be shelling by the ship—slaughter and complete destruction. Most im-

portant of all, the supplies would probably be lost in a more thorough job of invasion. He let his breath out in a long sigh as the barges neared the cruiser.

It was very tiring to act intelligently in a crisis like this. He had more admiration than ever for the poor people who had patiently obeyed his orders.

He turned and caught the looks of disappointment on the faces of his scouts.

"Don't worry," he said, and the words had an empty sound. "When we get back with our outfit—"

"But they are going away," Staseo pointed out.

"There'll be more," Ben assured him. He got to his knees as the seaplane roared off the water and headed across the strait towards Zamboanga. "Let's get down there and see if we can save anything from the fire."

That night Ben sat wearily on a pile of mahogany planks and watched a pale moon sink towards the water. He sighed.

Another day gone. He wondered how many more he would have to endure here.

Disgusted, he scratched a match and held it to his pipe, then flicked it away. It made a bright arc and struck the water with a hiss. Ben stood up, wearily stretching. His arms suddenly locked over his head and he stared out over the dark water.

Please turn to page 4



THE plane banked sharply and made another circle over the little harbor, the Rising Sun on its wings glowing in the afternoon sunlight. Satisfied that there was nothing to fear in tiny Port Holland, it turned and prepared to land alongside the grey cruiser which had anchored in the deep water outside the harbor.

At the same time two barges loaded with marines left the ship's side and started for the small dock.

On a point overlooking the harbor and the strait beyond three khaki-clad men were watching from the lush foliage. Two of them were Filipino Scouts, the other wore the gold bars of an American second lieutenant on his stained shirt. He rubbed his hand across his perspiring, bearded face and grunted.

"They always send enough men," he remarked disconsolately.

The manoeuvre Lieut. Ben Higgins was witnessing was typical of the Jap advance through the Philippines. Port Holland was a lonely lumbering town on the southern island of Basilan.

Twenty miles across the strait was Zamboanga, a legitimate military objective, with a garrison and a fort, but Port Holland had nothing of importance to warrant its attention—only a sawmill, some dozens of mahogany shacks and a curious conical island in the centre of the harbor. Yet the Japs were making a landing, scouting first with a plane and protecting the shorebound force with a heavy cruiser.

Ben Higgins sighed. It was the same old answer—too much of everything. Too many men, too many ships, and, above all, too many

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FOR a moment

he thought he'd seen a faint quick gleam out there. He waited, but nothing happened. Then he took another match and lit it. Almost at once there was an answering pin point of light. He excitedly jerked his flashlight from his combat jacket and blinked out a "V."

The sea light flickered promptly in reply: "Nuts."

Ben laughed uproariously. His boredom was gone and his hand shook with excitement. Feet pattered behind him and Corporal Marengo loomed out of the darkness.

"A light, sir?"
"I see it," Ben said. "Maybe this is what we've been waiting for." He flashed out: "All clear."

The reply came methodically, still the same distance away: "How many in Big Ten?"

Ben frowned. "What the devil?" He was certain that was an American out there behind the light, but how to answer his gibberish? "How many in Big Ten?" Ben suddenly chuckled. Of course—Chicago had dropped out of Western Conference football. His flashlight winked back: "Nine."

The sea light stuttered: "Coming in."

Listening closely, they heard the faint murmur of engines.

Ben saw the boat then. It was lying lower in the water than he had expected, and it moved cautiously, using its motors a moment, then drifting, working ever nearer the harbor entrance. Finally it was abreast, a low ghostly hull hugging the water.

Ben spoke up, scarcely over conversational tones. "Welcome to Port Holland."

"Got anything here?" The voice was wary, sharp with apprehension.

"The monkeys seemed to think so. They came to pay us a call this afternoon." Ben decided that discretion was called for until he was positive of the visitor's identity.

"A heavy cruiser?"
"Yeah, see it?"

The answer came in a voice

which had relaxed. "We've been dodging the guy for two days. He's mad at us. We knocked down one of his planes."

"Good!" Corporal Marengo couldn't restrain himself.

"What have you got?" The MTB drifted towards the dock, where a dim lantern glowed.

"An eighteen-incher, gas and oil," Ben said. "Will it help?"

"Bless you, mister!" The speaker meant it. "We've been fighting them off with machine-guns for the last week!" The boat slid up to the dock and stopped.

Five bearded, red-eyed, tired men made up her crew. Ben and the corporal ducked into their cramped quarters and listened while the skipper, a gaunt young ensign named Peters, briefly recounted a tale that sounded like something from "The Arabian Nights."

Two of the crew had been killed; the boat leaked from a dozen holes; the gasoline was almost expended and their torpedoes had been used up two weeks before; and the tobacco was gone. Corporal Marengo promptly tossed a pack on to the table, and the men lit up hungrily.

Peters inhaled gratefully and grinned at Ben. "And eight months ago I thought the hardest job in the world was getting out a humor column for the 'Daily North-western.' Here I am, a ninety-day wonder with a hundred and fifty days of fighting behind me."

Ben explained how he had moved the supplies to the little island.

Peters nodded. "We looked for two other depots on the way down here," he said, "but the Japs had beaten us to both of them. We ran into an ambush just south of Dumaguete. Lost two men there—both gunners. It's hard, fighting short-handed."

Ben leaned forward. "Look," he said, "how about giving us a lift across the strait? Now that you're taking the supplies I'd like to get back to the fighting."

Peters grinned slowly. "One good

Monkeys Without Tails

Continued from page 3

turn deserves another, I guess," he said, then beamed suddenly. "Man, we'd be tickled to death if you'd come along with us!"

It was long past midnight when the last of the gasoline gurgled into the MTB's tanks. The torpedo was installed in a starboard tube and the lubricating oil added to the reservoir. Ben had crawled into the .50-calibre machine-gun turret to stand guard. Corporal Marengo and Private Staseo were helping the crew, two of whom were Filipinos.

Peters came up with two mugs of coffee and handed one to Ben.

"All set," he said. "Getting that tin fish makes me feel like a new man. It's been tough seeing Japs and not having anything to toss at them."

"After you drop us, what?" Ben asked. The coffee was good—strong, hot and black.

"There's not much I can do except to try to break through to the south," Peters said.

Ben turned and looked towards the east. There was a faint hint of dawn in the sky. "We'd better get going, hadn't we? You know, that cruiser probably went over to Zamboanga."

"H'm'm'm." There was a show of interest in Peters' voice.

"There's a cove twenty miles above Zamboanga," Ben went on, "and if you drop us there we'll be able to push through to our outfit. The general plan was to fall back inland as far as we had to—"

"What sort of an anchorage at Zamboanga?" Peters asked thoughtfully.

"Not much. You have to anchor right out in the strait. Very deep—forty to fifty fathoms, perhaps."

Peters had turned to study the eastern horizon. "Sunrise at five-forty-four," he mused. "We could come out of the east—right out of the sun." He looked wryly at Ben. "Mind if we take a crack at that cruiser on the way up the shore?"

"Sure, why not?" Ben said. "But let's get going."

Peters indicated the machine-gun. "You can run this thing?"

"Sure."

"It's loaded with tracers. Makes nice shooting—you can see where you're hitting."

"It'll be a pleasure," Ben replied.

Minutes later the MTB was purring along the Basilan coast, working eastward. Ben was alone above deck in the turret.

He felt around in the darkness, familiarising himself with his equipment. He found a broad leather belt and straps, obviously to hold the gunner in the boat while it was pounding through the seas. He put it on. He checked the ammunition box carefully.

The MTB reached top speed. It had raised up on its step and flattened out, flitting from swell to swell, plunging through crests, howling and rocketing forward. Great sheets of water shot over the boat, obscuring Ben's vision, but from time to time he caught a glimpse of the dark line ahead which

was the tip of Mindanao Island. Over everything was the high, insane screaming of the engines.

Zamboanga was dead ahead when the sun popped up behind the MTB. The scattering of houses seemed to leap out of the jungle, and Ben saw the shadow of a ship off the point on which old Fort Pilar stood. The cruiser was there, anchored!

Excitement gripped and held Ben. The cruiser grew larger and larger, and Ben was ready to believe they had caught her entirely unprepared when her stern became studded with flashes of light. He waited, breathlessly, for shells to strike.

When nothing happened, he managed to look astern. There, hundreds of yards behind, three columns of water rose into the air. There was no sound over the howling motors. He turned again to look ahead.

The cruiser was firing frantically now, but Ben was hardly conscious of it. What impressed him was the size of the ship and the speed with which they were approaching it. He saw a seaplane suddenly shoot off the catapult, dip towards the sea, then begin a fast climbing turn. Ben realised they were well within torpedo range and that the cruiser was theirs—a set-up.

Pierce exultation seized him. His hands jumped to his gun, but the deckhouse was in the way and he couldn't bear on the target on this course. Grimly he waited for his opportunity to fire.

The water around the MTB was alive with explosions. Peters drove relentlessly on, closing the range to a point where there would be no possible chance of missing.

Suddenly, with the cruiser almost overhead, the MTB heeled sharply and raced alongside the big ship. The boat jerked and Ben thought for a moment they had been hit. Then he saw the long black torpedo leap from the tube and hit the sea. He swung his gun over, centred the receding cruiser's bridge in the sight ring and pressed the trigger.

Tracer bullets flew all over the target as the boat skipped across the waves. Ben eased off, centred again, waited to catch the swing of the boat, then fired. The results were better, but they were lost in the sheet of flame and the geyser of water which sprang up at the cruiser's side. Drunkenly, the ship seemed to lurch, and then—

The force of the explosion overtook the flying MTB and Ben felt his breath go out as if he had been hit. He recovered in time to see the grey after-end of the cruiser slide into the pall of smoke and out of sight. The torpedo had exploded the forward magazine. The ship was gone. The completeness of the destruction left Ben goggle-eyed, but not for long.

Their own danger was still acute. The cruiser's plane was coming down on them like an avenging demon.

Flame licked along its wing edges and long streamers of smoke reached out for him, and the water alongside the boat churned.

Please turn to page 8

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RENA MARONI, trapeze artist, who had run away from her father's circus, is murdered while HENRI SAPOLIO, juggling showman, and his wife, MARIE, are giving a party in the flat above, on the eve of Sapolio's greatest feat.

Suspicion falls equally on almost all the party guests. These included various show people, notably PEL PELHAM, spruiker, who is to manage Sapolio's feat; also DAN CAREY, who is managing WANG, a Chinese giant; MICKLEWITZ, a midjet; and SALVI, a sword-walker; ESTELLE, an "armless wonder"; and BELLA, a "tattooed lady."

Pel had worked for Maroni in the past, and before the murder he had been trying to stop Rena from blackmailing his friend, SKIN ROGERS, bookmaker. After the murder he wants to prevent DETECTIVES LINLEY and RORKE, in charge of the case, from learning that Rena was a blackmailer—also to steer the detectives' suspicions clear of Rogers. Then he is very upset to learn from RICKETTY, a tramp, that it was apparently Rogers who enticed Rena to run away.

He arranges to go and interview Linley with Rogers, but parts from Rogers on bad terms.

Now read on:

PEL was at the "tomb" at 8.30 next morning. Sapolio was taking a constitutional while several people stood outside the glass house watching. Up and down he walked, up and down, like a caged animal. Pel pushed the docket showing the night's takings through the letter slit.

Sapolio picked it up, and frowned to see that the figures were down a bit on the previous night. Pel wasn't worried. He expected the night business to be quiet till the stunting started.

Ricketty called in and Pel spoke to him earnestly for some minutes. At 9.30 Pel went out and rang Linley from a public phone. Fifteen minutes later he began to walk slowly round to the Jockey Club and waited for Rogers. Skin joined him at ten precisely. He nodded curly and strode through the entrance. His Belmont was at the door. They got in and Rogers started the car.

They drove in silence. As Rogers stopped the car in front of the police office Pel saw Ricketty leaning against a post a short distance away, staring at them.

Linley saw them at once. "Thanks for coming around, Mr. Rogers," he said. They sat down and the detective offered cigarettes. "You knew Rena Maroni, Mr. Rogers?"

Skin nodded. "When did you see her last?" "The afternoon of the day she died." "At what time?" "I think about five-thirty." "Are you sure about that? It wasn't later?"

"Maybe a minute or two — no longer."

"Where did you go after you left her?"

"I went to a gazette. There was a race finish I wanted to see." Linley made a note. Without looking up he asked casually: "Did you part good friends?" Then his eyes went direct to Rogers. The bookmaker stared back at him. Smoke trickled from his nostril. "Absolutely," he said. "I was going to see her again the same evening or the next day."

"You didn't go back?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Something turned up. It wasn't a definite appointment."

Linley pulled open a drawer. He took out two sheets of pink paper and spread them before him. Pel saw at a glance that they were torn scraps carefully pasted together to reconstruct the originals. Attached to each was a pink envelope similarly reconstructed.

"Please look at these letters and tell me whether you have seen them before."

He did not offer to pass them and Rogers rose and went to the back of his desk slowly and looked over his shoulder.

"One of them," he said at last, and indicated with his finger.

"May I see?" Pel asked. "I think



Rorke turned savagely to Salvi. "Did you tell Linley you were in love with Renie Maroni?"

I am concerned. I believe I tore them up. Did you find them in the coal-scuttle?" Without waiting for Linley's consent he rose and stood behind him, and peered over his shoulder, too. With one hand he gently pulled the sleeve of Rogers' coat. "Yes," he announced. "They are the ones I tore up."

"Why?" Linley asked, looking up at him. Pel's face was only a foot away from the detective's but his eyes did not flicker.

"Why? Why not?" he asked.

"They are blackmailing letters?"

Linley rose abruptly and faced Rogers.

"Blackmail," Skin repeated, helplessly.

Suddenly Pel began to laugh. Linley swung round and gazed at him in astonishment. Rogers looked equally surprised.

"Oh, Mr. Linley," Pel said. "I'm sorry—but it's funny."

"I don't see anything funny," the detective said.

"You will," Pel said. "The letters refer to a scrap-book Rogers used to keep. When he was a darling little boy he used to fall in love with girls in tights. He wanted to be a circus rider—tell him, Skin."

As Linley turned Pel flashed a signal.

"Well, Rogers?" the detective said.

Skin Rogers looked down his nose.

"It's kinda silly," he said, and Pel breathed again as he continued: "When I was a kid I was crazy about circuses. Maroni's was a big show in those days. Used to come into the cities. I used to cut out of the papers the pictures they printed showing the performers. Paul Maroni was my idol. I had a lot of photos of him riding bareback, jumping through fiery hoops—that sort of thing. There were some of Rena—a little tot then—riding on a pony."

He paused.

"I told Rena about the book," he continued. "She was crazy to see it, but I kept on forgetting. It was a bit of trouble to dig out. She wrote to remind me and was apparently writing again when Pel breezed in and told her he knew me. He said he'd see that I dug the thing out."

"She was keen to get it to take back to the old man," Pel added. "She thought it would help her to bridge the gap."

"What gap?"

Pel told him. His voice hardened a little. "Some fellow induced her to run away from the old man's show—with him. It pretty nearly

broke Maroni's heart, I should imagine."

"I've seen Maroni," Linley said. "He didn't say much. I'm learning."

He considered the letters spread before him. "Tell me exactly how you come into her life, Pelham," he said.

"I've known her a long time," Pel told him. "Since she was a bit of a thing. I worked with her dad's show. But I didn't know she was in the city. I found her by accident. I was on my way to Sapolio's flat one day and I met her on the landing. She told me she was going back to the circus. She told me about Skin and his scrap-book. Told me she was going to post the letter."

"I told her it wasn't necessary. I'd see that Skin brought it along. I tore the letter up."

Linley looked down at a letter before him and read: "When I'm on to a good thing I stick. Are you going to part up or shall I tell your fiancée?"

"She was kidding when she wrote it," Pel said quickly. "It had a lotta pictures of girls in tights—the book I mean. It was a joke between 'em."

Linley nodded slowly. "I see.

That disposes of one letter. The one she didn't send. What about the other one?" He read: "You've got it. Why shouldn't I have it? I expect it and want to hear from you soon."

"I musta left it in her apartment," Rogers said. "I don't remember. I kept on forgetting about the book."

Linley put the letters back in the drawer. He said: "Well, thanks for calling. We'll let it ride." He opened the door for them. As they passed through he said: "Good-bye, Rogers," and looked at Pel quizzically. "So long, Galahad."

When they were in the Belmont Skin asked: "Shall I drop you at the joint?"

Pel said: "Thanks." As the car moved smoothly down the street Rogers said: "That was good work." Pel was thinking. "Do you think so? What was that word he used—Galahad? What's it mean?"

Skin said: "Search me. Some police slang, I guess." He added in another tone: "Thanks, Pel. You've helped a lot."

Pel said: "I was thinking of Dad Maroni."

Rogers said: "Oh, sure, sure." He did not speak again until the car pulled up outside the "tomb."

Pel was stepping out. He could see Ricketty standing a few doors away busy, apparently, looking at nothing in particular.

"Anything to say to me?" Rogers asked.

"No."

"Still think I'm a —?"

Pel said without looking at him: "We all have our code." He tapped the shop window with his cane and got to work. Ricketty limped up as Rogers drove off. With no more than a glance at him Pel said: "On the inside see Sapolio —" mentioning with his cane. Ricketty took the hint. He went through the shop and waited on the back steps.

By and by Pel joined him. "Well?" he asked.

"No," Ricketty said. "I gotta good look. This bird ain't the one I saw. He's tall like him, but no more. I'm sorry, Pel."

"Sorry?" Pel's eyes lit. But he checked his smile. "You're sure? It's important."

"Sure I'm sure. He don't look the same and he don't walk the same."

The grin came back to Pel's face. He put his hand out and squeezed Ricketty's shoulder. "Thanks," he said. "you've been a real pal." He paused with his hand on the door. "How's the bank?"

Ricketty grinned back shamelessly. "I've exceeded me overdraft."

Pel produced a ten-shilling note. "Thanks," Ricketty said, taking it. "I need it. Somehow every time I see that bloke starving I feel hungry."

Paul Maroni stared at the posters outside Sapolio's "tomb." Pel's offender, Cecil, was spruiking in desultory fashion. Most of his imagination was in his feet and, every now and again, he executed a few light-hearted steps sadly out of keeping with the show he was announcing. Maroni hesitated a moment, but was already walking away when Pel appeared and hurried after him.

"Mr. Maroni," he said. "I wanted to see you." He held the circus man's hand. "I won't say anything. There's nothing I can say, is there?"

Maroni's lips tightened. He shook his head.

"But I have to talk to you," Pel said. He spoke briefly to the land on the door, then took Maroni's arm. "Let's have some coffee — quietly."

He steered the old man to a quiet table in a quiet room. Maroni's hands were clasped and twitching as he leaned forward and looked across the marble table.

"Who did it, Pel?" he asked, brokenly. "Who'd do that to my girl?"

"I don't know, Mr. Maroni, but we'll find him."

Please turn to page 18

COURTSHIP DAZE

He could talk to her of fishes, in grand scientific style, but what Frances wanted was romance.

THE young ichthyologist, Henry Hollingsbee, was reflecting on the marvels of nature—and not in connection with fishes. How remarkable, thought Henry. Here, because of nature's whim that one human being should attract another, I sit proposing to Frances Parker.

He turned his tranquil gaze on the girl whose chair was in no great proximity to his on the evening-cooled verandah, and crossed his angular legs in an elongated X.

"I'm sure we'll be happy," predicted Henry cheerfully. "We've congenially attended lectures, concerts and an occasional theatrical performance. Moreover, our backgrounds are similar." He raised and lowered his sandy eyebrows.

"My forbears," submitted Henry, "while unspectacular, were honest and industrious. From what I gather of yours," he added promptly "they were much the same."

It occurred to Henry that Frances was strangely expressionless, yet he was sure that she was attentive. He examined her more closely. There was a certain satisfaction he had discovered in studying Frances. Her eyes and hair were remarkably well blended, the contour of her face pleasingly moulded. Henry had often noted these phenomena.

He coughed conversationally. "I should like to be married next month if possible," proceeded Henry in a heartier tone. "Dr. Sedwell, the eminent scientist, has invited me to Lower California to discuss a paper I'm writing on fishes of the Pacific. The trip could coincide nicely with my three weeks' vacation from the museum and our honeymoon."

Frances' oval face turned slowly. "Henry," said Frances in a pleasant voice that, as Henry had previously noticed, had innumerable musical overtones, "I'm very fond of you. But I'm sure that you and Dr. Sedwell and the fishes will have a lovely honeymoon without me."

"But Frances," protested Henry. Frances shook her head gently. "I'm afraid not," she said. "This is unreasonable!" Henry jumped up. His blue eyes were sparks flashing fire. "I think I've outlined the case sufficiently."

"Oh, you have, darling. Do sit down," urged Frances.

Henry paced rapidly around the Parker porch, his long legs reaching out in impatient scissor clips. He bumped sharply against a table. An expression of uncertainty settled over his countenance which, in the happiest of circumstances, was interesting rather than handsome. "What more do you want?" demanded Henry.

Frances' eyes wandered softly from the figure before her to the first silvery star of evening and she sighed into the deepening night. "To mention one thing," answered Frances mildly, "romance."

Henry yanked to a stop. "Romance!" he ejaculated incredulously, regarding her as if she were an unclassified specimen fished out of the deep. "Is it possible that a girl of your poise is concerned with the claptrap of romance?"

"It is possible," acknowledged Frances. Henry ploughed a hand through

his rough, sandy hair. "Juvenile. Fuzzy-minded," he muttered. He looked at Frances suspiciously. "A well-balanced woman should recognise romance for the ephemeral deception it is," he announced.

"Oh, Henry," murmured Frances. Henry drummed impatiently against a chair-back.

"I'm a busy scientist, Frances," he asserted. "There's work to be done. It's hardly reasonable to expect me to interrupt the small amount I'm doing to engage in nonsensical gestures of romance."

There was a sudden whirr and a smart sports car materialised at the kerb.

"Edward," said Frances complacently. She looked down the walk to the car. "Three evenings a week Edward drives fifty miles from Rosewood to see me," she explained. "He's an architect. He's designing a house he'd like me to live in. I haven't said yet that I will." She paused. "But I agree that the floor plan looks unusually interesting."

Henry directed his attention to the car. Its occupant had alighted and was lifting an enormous bouquet of flowers from the back seat. He next attempted to balance under one arm two boxes obviously containing candy. And with his free hand he reached for several others of undetermined contents.

"Of course," conceded Frances. "Edward may overdo it a little. But that's the general idea."

By VIRGINIA LEE

Henry faced Frances squarely.

"It's only fair to warn you, Frances," he said severely, "that such demonstrations will cease with marriage. Courtship displays of this sort are common throughout the entire animal kingdom. Fishes, I may say, are no exception. Attempts of the male to attract the female by exhibitions of prowess and a deluge of attentions are general and obvious. Once the wooing ends, however, so do the compliments."

"I know," sighed Frances. "It's woman's lot." She cocked her head defiantly. "So I propose getting all I can before marriage."

Edward was progressing up the walk behind a big smile. He waved awkwardly beneath the packages. Henry straightened stiffly. "Do I understand, Frances," demanded Henry sternly, "that you intend to force me to court you?"

Frances waved to Edward. "The only thing I intend to force you to do, darling," said Frances, "is to beat a hasty retreat. As you pass Edward," she suggested evenly, "you might sniff the flowers."

Henry headed for home along the elm-branched street in a state of extreme agitation. It was evident to him that no such unwarranted conduct as Frances' had been manifest on earth since the first cell evolved itself from primeval ooze. "There are girls," thought Henry, "who would gladly accept a man without a preliminary period of idleness. I shall find one."

But at this he was seized with a strangling sensation.

After all, reasoned Henry, he had counted on marrying Frances. Whenever he had imagined coming home from the museum, relating the success of a lecture he had delivered on the morphology of fishes, it was always Frances' eyes he had

thought of looking into and Frances' smile he had fancied receiving.

The moon began to rise like a balloon and a boy and girl walked by holding hands. With considerable trepidation Henry realised that he knew nothing of the art of courtship.

He jingled some coins together optimistically. "I have merely to put my mind to the matter," deduced Henry, and turned in at the boarding house where he lived.

At eight-thirty the following morning Henry knocked at the Parker door. Mrs. Parker answered. "Why, Henry!" she said. She opened the door and looked at him more closely. "Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"Not at all, Mrs. Parker," replied Henry. "I have, however, embarked on a courtship of Frances and feel I must make the most of my opportunities."

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Parker stepped backward and inspected Henry again. "Well, I—I guess I'll sit on the porch awhile. Frances is in the dining-room."

Frances was alone eating grapefruit. Henry leaned against the door for a minute. "Darling!" exclaimed Henry with feeling. Frances jumped.

"Gracious! You frightened me. What on earth are you doing here?"

Henry sat down beside her. "Your beautiful eyes," avowed Henry intensely, leaning towards them. "I thought about them all night."

Frances picked up her spoon. "If you'd thought about my eyes all night, there'd be circles under yours. And I fail to see any." She studied him suspiciously. "Why aren't you at the museum?"

Henry cleared his throat. "I have started a three weeks' vacation to court you," he reported with dignity.

Frances collapsed against her chair. "No," demurred Frances incredulously. "Oh, no. Go away, Henry. Go back to the museum."

Henry regarded her with composure. "If you're taking your vacation now," inquired Frances, scrutinising him more thoughtfully, "you won't be able to go to Lower California next month, will you?"

"No. Why don't you open your mail?" suggested Henry. "That letter on top?"

Frances looked from Henry to the letters beside her plate and back to Henry. Cautiously she picked up the top letter.

"Dear Frances," she read. "This is the first of several love letters I shall write in connection with our courtship. Every woman, I believe, cherishes such letters to show to her grandchildren. It would be impossible to convey to you how ridiculous I feel writing you when I left you not more than an hour ago and expect to see you again the first thing in the morning. However, every undertaking imposes its conditions."

"The evening is lovely. As I write a cool breeze has sprung up. While passing the Burns' home I noticed that the moon is in its last quarter."

"It is apparent that I have no facility for literary expression. However I may acquire some with practice. In the meantime, dear Frances, good-bye. Sincerely, Henry."

Frances stared helplessly at Henry. "Well," said Frances feebly.

With the gentle descent of evening Henry again turned in at the Parker residence. He moved under an oppressive sense of fatigue. Under one arm he bore what at first glance appeared a field of American Beauty roses. The other



was laden with numerous books and a banjo.

The day had been one of the most trying Henry could remember. After leaving Frances he had gone directly to the library to procure works of poetry and mark suitably lyric passages. This had entailed coming in direct contact with more rhymed expression than he had previously been exposed to in his entire existence.

During the afternoon he had exhumed the banjo, buried deep in attoreooms since college days, and brushed up on what had once constituted his repertoire. His fingers were in shreds!

Mr. and Mrs. Parker were on the porch with Frances.

"The flowers," mumbled Henry apologetically. "The stems—"

Mrs. Parker accepted the blooms with an expression of consternation.

"The umbrella stand!" she exclaimed at last. "They're lovely."

Henry," she said, and disappeared into the house.

"They are," said Frances, "lovely." Henry deposited his other impediments on the table and sank into a chair.

"What've you got there?" inquired Mr. Parker, eyeing the books.

"Poetry," said Henry. "I'm courting Frances. Haven't you heard?"

"Well, I'm blessed," Mr. Parker surveyed Henry as if he were a dubious entry discovered at his bank. "Don't give a hoot for it myself," said Mr. Parker.

"Nor do I, sir," agreed Henry with alacrity. "The poetic mind seems to me unfortunately confused and indirect." He opened one of the books at a marked passage. "Here's an example from Tennyson," said Henry. He read:

BUBBLES... THE PRINCE'S LEG-ACY!

BUBBLES, ON PLAYING LEAD IN A CHARITY SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT—COMING?

YOU BET I AM, DARLING.

MAKE A GOLDEN LADDER FROM YOUR FLOWING LOCKS DESPERADONA!

AM HA HA HA HA

NEVER MIND THE LOOKS SISTER, HOW ABOUT THE LADDER IN YOUR STOCKINGS?

I WAS NEVER MORE HUMILIATED! STOCKINGS ARE THE BANE OF MY LIFE. SOB, SOB!

TRY LUXING 'EM EVERY NIGHT MY SWEET. THAT'S THE WAY TO CUT DOWN ON RUNS.

AOD PERSPIRATION WEAKENS THREADS—CAUSES RUINS. NIGHTLY LUXING WASHES AWAY PERSPIRATION. ALL STOCKINGS NEED THIS GENTLE CARE—SILK, RAYON, COTTON, LISLE.

LUX

SOME WEEKS LATER

THIS LUNCH IS ON ME, BUBBLES. (I'D NO IDEA THAT TIP ABOUT LUX COULD SAVE SO MUCH IN CASH AND PRECIOUS COUPONS)

"Do I understand, Frances," demanded Henry sternly, "that you intend to force me to court you?"

"Come into the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate alone; For the black bat, night, has flown, And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, And the musk of the rose is blown."

"Obviously the poet is concerned with inviting a young woman into a garden," construed Henry. "The first line, therefore, is the only pertinent one. If, however, for some reason it was necessary to let her know he was alone, he could merely have said, 'Come into the garden, Maud, no one's around.' The verse would thus have been reduced from six lines to one."

"Exactly," boomed Mr. Parker. "I think it's lovely." Frances disagreed.

"And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, And the musk of the rose is blown," she repeated softly.

Henry was surprised at the musical cadences in the words when Frances said them. They sounded distinctly agreeable, in an impractical way.

"What do you know on the banjo?" asked Mr. Parker.

"O, Susanna," listed Henry, his forehead ruffling in thought. "Mighty Lak' a Rose, I've Been Workin' on the Railroad."

"I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," nominated Mr. Parker with gusto. "I know the bass."

He sang in a loud hearty voice about a tone and half off key. Mrs. Parker came out and joined her light soprano to Frances'.

"Mighty Lak' a Rose," selected

Mr. Parker, as the strains of the other died down. He moved over to the swing and put his arm around Frances.

Henry fell frantically to work. There was something wrong with the situation, he realised unhappily. He should have been the one in the swing with his arm around Frances, and Mr. Parker should have been playing the banjo. But with his mental and physical faculties engaged as they were, there was nothing he could do about the matter.

"Why, here's Edward!" exclaimed Frances in surprise.

Edward laid a restrained offering of sweet-peas in Frances' lap and slapped Henry vigorously on the back. "Hear I've got competition," cried Edward heartily. "Welcome it, old man, welcome it."

"Henry," said Frances, her brown eyes reproving, "have you been talking?"

Henry straightened his backbone with weary dignity. "I merely remarked to the florist that he could consider himself fortunate for the duration of our courtship," he reported.

Edward sat in the swing next to Frances. "Go on with the music," said Edward. Henry picked up the banjo.

"Why, Edward," said Frances, after a chorus of "Panicum," "you have a lovely voice. I never knew you could sing."

Edward's voice, Henry recognised uneasily, was a true tenor, clear and pleasant. Although he himself sang acceptably, he couldn't undertake so much as a single chorus, under pressure as he was to keep pace with the vocalists.

"I like to hear you sing, Edward," complimented Frances, and Henry saw Edward's arm fold tenderly over hers in the semi-darkness.

It was noon the following day before Henry caught up with Frances. He had overlept and, for the first time he could remember, awakened with a headache.

Frances was in the grocery store buying things for her mother. She was wearing a pink-and-white dress and had a pink bow in her hair. Her cheeks were pink and very fresh.

"Darling!" exclaimed Henry, and this time she jumped only a little.

"You may carry the bags, Henry," said Frances. "I walked because it was such a nice morning. Of course it's warmer now."

HENRY was glad to observe that the bags were large and exceedingly full. Carrying them for Frances he felt a true knight and protector. The hill from the village to Frances' house was longer and steeper than he recalled; but, as he pointed out to himself, this only prolonged his moments with her.

Frances' hand swung slim and brown and inviting at her side. It occurred to Henry that he wasn't making the most of his opportunity. By shifting the weight of the bags he could hold her hand and at the same time fulfil his duties as cavalier and porter. He heaved the bags and clutched awkwardly at her hand.

"Oh, the oranges!" cried Frances. "You run after the oranges, Henry, and I'll pick up the potatoes and peas."

Only one of the oranges rolled down the sewer. However, there was no further possibility of holding Frances' hand, for her hands, as well as his, were filled with vegetables.

When Henry rang the Parker bell after luncheon, Frances was at a party but Mrs. Parker was home. She was cleaning the attic. "Come on up, Henry," she called.

She was sitting on an old trunk, with the backwash of family life around her. Her dress was blue and cool. "You look warm, Henry," she said sympathetically. "Sit down." She laughed lightly. "I always seem to clean the attic on the hottest day of the year."

Henry sat carefully on the edge of a chair and wasn't particularly surprised to find himself on the floor the next minute.

"You might as well stay there," submitted Mrs. Parker cheerfully. "All the chairs are broken." She handed him a picture. "Frances when she was seven," she said.

The way to a girl's heart, thought Henry with sage inspiration, may well be through her mother. "May I help clean the attic, Mrs. Parker?"

"Why, that would be lovely, Henry."

It wasn't so much the things Mrs. Parker had in the attic that she wanted in the cellar that made such inroads against his stamina, Henry reflected afterwards, as it was the things she had in the cellar that she wanted in the attic.

Calling on Frances that evening, Henry found a noticeable lack of sprightliness in his step. Nevertheless he felt well repaid for his industry. Mrs. Parker went off to the movies with her husband, telling Frances, "Henry was a great help. It didn't matter about the green lustrous vase. I'd saved it for twenty-five years. It was time it was broken."

Henry made no mistake this time about not sitting in the swing beside Frances. Cautiously, inch by inch, he edged his arm behind her. They were quite alone. The air was like spray from a mountain falls. A peace beyond dreams spread around them.

"Frances," said Henry, and sighed. "Yes, Henry." Frances turned her face towards his. "You're very sweet, you know," she said.

Henry was aware of an intoxicating scent. He wondered vaguely if there were flowers beneath the porch. He stretched his long legs luxuriously. His arm slid down and rested on Frances' shoulders. In a little while, thought Henry, the moon will rise. I should well out-distance Edward this evening.

His hand sought and boldly claimed Frances'. He drew a deep breath—and deeper—and deeper.

When he awoke the moon was flooding in his face. There was no sign of Frances, but a note was propped on the table.

"Sweet dreams, Henry," said the note. "You look very interesting when you're asleep—sort of like an innocent frog."

For the next few days, Frances seemed to be continuously away at parties, so Henry was unable to see as much of her as he felt he should. However, he kept her under a barrage of flowers.

"Flowers," snorted Hilda contemptuously as Henry shoved a sheaf of glad olus in her unresponsive arms. "What do you think this is—a cemetery?"

"Don't lose the note," cautioned Henry nervously.

Hilda thrust her hand among the blooms and came up with an envelope which, holding in complete revulsion between her thumb and forefinger, she dropped on a table. "Love letters," grunted Hilda and swung off to the kitchen.

"Dear Frances," Henry had written. "Gladiolus are now at their height, or so Mr. Apolaris tells me. I hope you like these."

Please turn to page 8

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



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Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

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For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



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Courtship Daze

Continued from page 7

ter than he, and he suspected that Edward's broad shoulders were padding.

"Hi, there," called Edward, advancing over the lawn. "Your mother told me you were here, Frances. She gave me your father's suit."

Edward's shoulders, Henry saw, were not padding. Even in Mr. Parker's old-fashioned suit, Edward presented a fine full-chested figure. Edward sat down beside Frances.

"A jack-knife," announced Henry from the diving-board.

Frances and Edward applauded. "A swan," Henry declared hastily, remounting the board. The swan was a success.

"A front somersault, with a half-Gaynor twist," he remarked quickly, teetering on the edge of the board. He sprang into space. Out of the corner of an eye he saw Edward's arm steal around Frances. He jerked impulsively.

When he came to an army of riveters had moved into his head. His head, however, was resting in Frances' lap, and a hand like swansdown was stroking his face.

"Lie still," commanded Frances. "You hit your head on the bottom." She sighed. "But Edward fished you out. He's getting some brandy."

Dressing later in the Parker playroom, Henry faced the fact that he

would never win Frances. His courtship, instead, had attained its logical culmination in making a hero of Edward. He groaned. He was doomed, he saw, to a boarding-house existence. No sight of Frances would brighten his days. He would, he decided, bid her goodbye at once.

Frances was standing at a table in the living-room when Henry found her. She was wearing a yellow dress with green flowers. She was a mountain daisy.

He crossed the room. "Frances," declared Henry dejectedly, "farewell." He encircled her with his arms and kissed her. "I love you, Frances," avowed Henry impulsively. "I like to put my arms around you and kiss you. I'll put my arms around you and kiss you whenever I can the rest of my life," he asserted with abandon. "So tell Edward to keep you out of my way or I'll be hugging and kissing his wife." He kissed her.

"Henry," breathed Frances. She lifted a hand and touched his cheek gently. "Poor Henry, you look peaked, darling." His arms tightened around her. Frances smiled. "You still have a week of your vacation left, haven't you?" asked Frances. "And the museum will give you two weeks if you get married, won't it? So, we could still have a three weeks' honeymoon next month, couldn't we?"

If the cloud on which Henry was standing hadn't been so firm he would certainly have fallen to the floor. Frances' arms around him helped, too. He kissed Frances.

"Edward?" he gasped. "Frances' cheek brushed his. "There are lots of girls for Edward," Frances assured him.

"When?"—panicked Henry. "Did I decide to marry you?" finished Frances. "About a year ago. Oh, I knew I loved you, Henry. I just wasn't sure you loved me. Not the way I wanted you to. But you do, sweet."

"Hilda," remarked Mrs. Parker and Henry was startled at the calm proximity of her voice, "another place for dinner, please."

Henry looked up. He was astonished to discover that, in his stress, he had neglected to note that there were other occupants of the living-room. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were there, in fact, reading the evening paper. Through the archway to the dining-room, moreover, an additional spectator was plainly visible.

Hilda thumped a plate on the table. "Love-making," snapped Hilda. "In public," she accused and beat a retreat to the kitchen.

(Copyright)

Monkeys Without Tails

Continued from page 4

BEN swung his gun up and fired, and saw his tracers slide below the plane. He raised the gun slightly, but the MTB yawned, and his shots went wild. The plane was almost on them, its bullets beating a tattoo on the deck. The motors sputtered and died as the plane shot overhead. Ben swore.

As the plane hurried into a climbing turn he jerked off the ammunition box and replaced it with a fresh one. The MTB was silent, wallowing a little in the still water. Ben was conscious of someone at his side and turned his head. It was Peters, grinning from ear to ear, and apparently unperturbed over the fact that his boat was knocked out and the plane was swinging down again for another blast.

"Did you see that?" he shouted. "Did you see it?"

"Hold your hat," Ben said grimly. "Here he comes again."

The plane dived, its motor howling. This time Ben caught it in his sight-ring and kept it there. The gun platform steady. He held his fire, watching the plane grow larger and larger. As it began firing he gently squeezed his own trigger. The plane stopped firing as Ben's tracers ate into it. It came on, however, diving relentlessly.

Ben watched the stream of bullets and had a moment of panic; it was like firing at a ghost—like shooting at something that couldn't be hurt. Then the plane levelled out, dipped one wing gracefully and suddenly shot up into the air. It burst into flame and fell, end over end, into the sea.

"Nice," said Peters. Ben turned to look at him, and Peters suddenly broke into a high, wild yell. "Did we do one to-day! Brother, did we do one to-day!"

He beat Ben resoundingly on the shoulders while Ben tried to unbuckle his belt. His hands shook so he couldn't make it, until a long brown arm reached in and helped him. He found himself looking into the grinning face of Corporal Marengo.

"Br-r-r-r-r!" cried the corporal. "Panagima, you knock down one Jap! Very good! Very much fun to watching!" There was unashamed adoration in the soft brown eyes.

Ben hoisted himself out on to the deck. "Thanks." It was a great honor to be called Panagima—Little Chief. He slapped the corporal's back. "That's just a sample," he said. "You wait till we get back with the outfit."

"Mister," Peters broke in, "I want you on my team. Man alive, we'll work our way south and find some more depots! We'll get torpedoes and pick off more of those babies—they make nice shooting! Why, man, we can sink their whole navy if they'll keep sending 'em at us one by one! What do you say?"

Ben flexed his knees to rid them

of their stiffness. He saw Private Staseo, dragging his rifle, crawl up on the deck, his face a pale green. "No, thanks, old man." He turned suddenly. "The motor's knocked out?"

"Just a fuel line shot away," Peters said earnestly. "Look, I wish you'd think this over—"

Ben felt the warmth of the sun on his sweat-stained shirt. "I'm an infantryman, myself."

"A monkey's a monkey wherever you find him," Peters jerked his thumb towards the huge black cloud hovering over the spot where the cruiser had been anchored. "And you're first-rate with that machine-gun." He added, almost wistfully. "You'd be a help to us. This is a big ocean."

They were both embarrassed.

Ben said, "Well, also, I'd like to stick around here and find the rest of a song—'The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga.' You don't know it, do you?"

Peters eyed him, then he smiled understandingly. "Okay, mister. No, I don't think anyone knows the rest of that song or what it means. That's all you ever hear."

The motors suddenly coughed and started again. As Peters went forward to take the wheel Corporal Marengo slapped his leg.

"I know," he laughed. "The monkeys have no tails—because when we get ashore, the monkeys will have nothing. They will be dead, the monkeys."

The MTB curved away towards the coastline, aiming towards a palm-studded point. Private Staseo rolled over and sat up. Weakly, he rubbed his sleeve across the breach of his rifle and looked hungrily towards the approaching land. His soft brown eyes flicked an appeal towards Ben.

"It'll be okay, now," Ben assured him, and he believed it himself. "You'll see action, you guys." He paused, and then said, "Why, a week from now we might even be glad we've had this vacation."

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Movie World

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War Bond sales have already brought in millions of dollars. Marlene brings a patriotic appeal into her latest film "Pittsburgh." She repeats section of one of her War Bond sales speeches which emphasizes women's part in the bid for victory.



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Espionage in an English village



1 DISGUISED as Royal Engineers, German parachutists come to village of Bramley End, and are greeted by Squire (Leslie Banks).



2 DINNER PARTY given for visitors, at the Manor, includes Squire and vicar's daughter, Nora (Valerie Taylor), who loves him.



3 BOY EVACUEE (Harry Fowler) arouses Nora's suspicions about parachutists.



4 CONFIDING SUSPICIONS to neighbor, Mrs. Frazer (Marie Lohr), and postmistress (Muriel George), Nora then consults Squire, who, she finds, is German agent.



5 THROWING off disguise, Germans lock up most of villagers in the church.



6 TRAGICALLY Nora helps to defend the Manor when the Squire leads attack.

"Went The Day Well"

MADE by BEF, "Went The Day Well" is a story of a quiet little English village whose peace is rudely shattered when German parachutists take possession of it.

The Germans, disguised as English engineers, are hospitably billeted in village homes while they plot to disrupt English radio-location.

There are fourteen feminine roles and the studio was faced with a coupon headache until the actresses agreed to find garments in their own wardrobes to fit their parts.

The role of a boy evacuee is played by Harry Fowler, who, until a few months ago, was selling newspapers in the West End.



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23/43

New actors replace men in services

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

WITH all the studios competing in signing up leading men to fill the gaps left by the popular actors who have gone into the Services, Columbia have added five new names to their studio roster, and are grooming these young men for stardom.

Bill Carter, Michael Duane, Craig Woods, Lewis Wilson, and Jess Barker have all been rushed into leading roles in a sink-or-swim policy, for so great is the demand for juvenile leads that the usual dramatic training must be dispensed with.

Bill Carter makes his screen bow with Charles Coburn and Marguerite Chapman in "Without Notice," and producer Harry Joe Brown is convinced that this young man has something of the Leslie Howard quality, which is possibly due to the fact that Bill is half English. Bill, however, has other ideas on the subject, and wants to play swash-buckling roles like Errol Flynn. This is quite understandable when one knows his background.

Ambulance driver

BEFORE going to America he saw service as an ambulance-driver with the British in Palestine, Syria, and Libya. He then joined the British infantry and was captured when the Germans took Tobruk, but managed to escape with Christopher Morley Junior (son of the famous novelist), by swimming into the Mediterranean. Due to bayonet wounds and broken ribs, Bill was discharged from the Army. He returned to America and married Nancy Wiman, daughter of the well-known theatrical producer, who recognised in his son-in-law potential



• Columbia studios have high hopes that Lewis Wilson will be acclaimed in "Attack By Night," with Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon.



• Handsome Michael Duane has forsaken a Broadway career for Hollywood and the chance to play opposite Linda Darnell in "City Without Men."



• Tall and athletic, Jess Barker was brought from the Broadway stage to co-star with Claire Trevor in "Right Guy."

screen material, and arranged tests which led to his contract.

Jess Barker, Michael Duane, and Lewis Wilson are three promising players who are already seasoned Broadway actors.

Barker gets his first screen break playing opposite Claire Trevor in "Right Guy."

A Columbia executive says: "Jess has great versatility, and we feel sure he is adaptable to most leading roles." Furthermore, there is little likelihood of a call-up for Jess, owing to a severe knee injury.

Due to family responsibilities, neither Michael Duane nor Lewis Wilson has been drafted, although each is talking of joining up.

Meanwhile, Duane is starring with Linda Darnell in "City Without Men," and Wilson plays an important role in "Attack By Night," starring Merle Oberon.

A Columbia talent scout first discovered husky Craig Woods pumping petrol. He is definitely an outdoor type, and an ideal Western hero, but his natural ability and charming personality won the enthusiasm of the executives, and he has been selected to play opposite Ann Miller in "What's Buzzin' Cousin?" Craig was recently discharged from Army Air Corps owing to allergy.

Australian slang for Laughton film

TECHNICAL director, Australian Lon Jones, has had a man-size job to plan the Australian settings for Metro's "Man From Down Under," and also to provide some help with the Australian slang.

The other day when I walked on the set I found the cast relaxing in easy chairs under bluegums. Genial Charles Laughton, clad in blue flannels, was reviving screen memories of Henry VIII with Binnie Barnes, while across the way, in a beautiful gully massed with authentic-looking tree-ferns, Donna Reed and Richard Carlson rehearsed their lines.

After the next scene I managed to corner Charles Laughton, who was limping badly, and inquired after the injuries which he sustained in a bar-room brawl scene, and as a result spent two weeks in hospital.

Doctors still fear that Charles may have to undergo a spinal operation at the conclusion of this film, but, despite continuous pain, he carries on with a smile in the true trouper tradition.

Lovely Binnie Barnes, who supplies the comedy romance in the film, waved a cheery farewell as she dashed off to rehearse the song which she sings to the frightened children during a Jap attack. Binnie says she is sure Australians will like this number, which is entitled "Three Little Birds on a Bluegum Tree."

Then Donna Reed wandered over and laughingly remarked that she would like to exchange accents with Ann Richards, an Australian Ann is playing an American role in "America," while Yankee Donna plays an Australian girl in "Man From Down Under." "I guess we ought to get together and coach each other," said Donna.

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Remember, diphtheria strikes swiftly. It is the sensible duty then for every parent to make use of modern science to protect against it—at once.

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GUNNER IN THE A.W.A.S.



W.A.A.A.F. TELEGRAPHIST.



MEMBERS OF THE W.R.A.N.S.

Girls tell why they cling to their present jobs

Many are unaware of nation's need

By a Special Investigator

I have just conducted a questionnaire among a hundred single women between 18 and 35 who have not so far responded to appeals to enlist or change their jobs.

The girls included milliners, theatre ushers, salesgirls, typists, secretaries, hairdressers. They gave frank answers on condition that their names were not used.

SOME of them had already been called up for manpower interview, some were expecting to receive a call-up.

Many of their reasons look at first sight highly selfish, some even unpatriotic.

Yet I am sure that if these young women were told to-morrow that the digging of a trench around their own suburb would save their homes from an advancing enemy they would at once fall to with a pick and shovel.

Many of them made an immediate response to earlier appeals for voluntary and spare-time work.

The answers of a number of younger girls suggest that appeals up to date have been ineffective.

"Never gave it a thought," was not an unusual response from 18 to 22-year-olds—and sometimes from older girls.

The answers of others, especially those in the 25 to 35 group, showed that they had given more thought to the problem.

Yet, balanced against the enormous need of the nation, even the reasons given by this more thoughtful group sound selfish.

It does seem that it needs more than the present "moral pressure" system of call-up to pitchfork women along the last stage of the road to "equality."

Until the beginning of this war, and in Australia, probably until the Pacific War, women retained a large measure of privilege along with comparative emancipation.

● Duty

WITHIN the space of a few months they have lost the privilege.

Before the war a woman could devote her life to a career if she wanted to, could become an explorer if she wanted to.

But she could still, if she preferred and her parents' income was adequate, stay in the home.

The war has changed that almost overnight.

Not only are single girls expected to work, but to work wherever they can be most useful to the nation.

Many women have not adjusted themselves to the change.

To balance the degree of young women's patriotism against that of young men would be unfair.

War offers an outlet to the masculine instinct for adventure, as well as the instinct to protect.

Propaganda appealing to an "adventure instinct" in women falls on less fertile ground.

Yet the large numbers of women already doing splendid work in the Services, at headquarters and in



MANPOWER INTERVIEW. This girl is being asked if she will exchange a non-essential job for an essential one in a war industry, or enlist in the ranks of one of the women's services.

operational areas, shows how well they can respond to the life.

What other girls have not yet realised is that to lose the war would be to lose not only the few privileges they cling to, but every shred of comfort and freedom.

They applaud the deeds of our fighting men, but forget that every girl in a Service replaces a man, every job in a factory helps keep the fighting men in the field.

● Romance!

A GREAT many girls fear that if they join the Services they will be unable to

see their fiancés, or the young men who they hope will become their fiancés.

Take these typical answers to illustrate that point:—

Salesgirl, 24: "My fiancé has been wounded in New Guinea. He will be invalided home shortly. I want to be free to marry him as soon as he returns. If he is discharged I want to set up a home and look after him."

A stenographer in an accountant's office, 24:

"I'd go into the Services if I could be sent somewhere near where my fiancé is. As it is now I hardly ever see him; he has leave only very occasionally. If I were in a Service I couldn't expect to time my leave to coincide with his."

Consideration to leave for romantic reasons is given in the women's Services to a reasonable extent, but it is little publicised.

Some older women, in the 30 to 35 group, feel that the present system of call-up is unfair.

They say that it places an undue burden on conscientious and thoughtful women.

They ask why should an older woman yield to the pressure while younger girls not only escape their obligations, but are unaware of them.

Publicity officer (28) speaks for

many of them: "I do not feel inclined to give up an unusually well-paid job for some lower paid if more essential work while I see thousands of younger women doing non-essential work in beauty parlors, stores, florists, and so on."

"I would be prepared to accept a call-up willingly if the manpower authorities worked differently. Call-ups should be managed as with the men. All girls in one age group should register and be interviewed and then placed wherever seems desirable. Then the next age group should be called out, and so on. In that way we would all take our turn."

She and other women with similar views instance younger girls whose answers are typified by the following, gathered in a walk from desk to desk in a city office.

Accountant's assistant, 18: "Wouldn't like the life in the Services. I couldn't bear to live a non-private life."

Secretary, 19: "I wouldn't like to leave home."

Department manager's secretary, 19: "Doesn't appeal to me."

Checker, 18: "I wouldn't like breaking from old friends and my home folk."

Typist, 21: "Haven't given it a thought."

Switchgirl, 17: "I would join the Army if I could live at home."

Office assistant, 29: "I think the girls' army is silly!"

Departmental head, 33, another thoughtful older woman, said:

"I know my reason for clinging to my present job is a selfish one. My parents are dead, and in some ten or twelve years of working I have built for myself, cushion by cushion, a modest home. Somehow, it means so much to me now that the thought of leaving it makes my blood run cold. To enter the Services I must give it up, and any average factory pay would put it beyond my means."

"My mind goes round and round

with the thought that if some people weren't prepared to give up their homes in order to fight for them I wouldn't have mine to enjoy."

Other single women in the 30 to 35 group have unconsciously made of their places of employment a second home.

Their social life for many years has been centred in their city office instead of their suburb.

Their friends work alongside them. They have a family feeling for employees who have gone on active service, following the fortunes of the office boy turned soldier much as they would those of a younger brother.

● Home ties!

SOME older girls feel that their duty to aged parents or a widowed, possibly war-bereaved, mother overrides all other considerations.

The following batch of answers gives typical cases of girls who are tied at home:

Secretary, 25: "I am an only child, and though my parents are both living they would be so lonely without me that I cannot bear to leave them. If it were not for that I would have been in a Service long ago."

Clerk, 29: "I am the only daughter of a 70-year-old mother, who is a widow. My brother is fighting. So far I have had to put my mother before my own wishes in the matter of joining up."

Stenographer, 26: "Family life means everything to me. Frankly, I have never even contemplated leaving my parents. I wouldn't like to work in a factory, for I could not stand the mechanical routine of the work."

Typist, 28: "I have to provide a certain financial support for my parents. I could not manage this if I was on Army pay."

Usherette, 24: "Haven't thought about it much until I got my call-up notice. Couldn't go into a Ser-

vice because my mother isn't well and I have to look after her. Suppose I could do factory work if I had to."

Most of the girls who have home reasons for not joining the Services are almost equally loth to change their jobs.

"I couldn't bear a factory," is the commonest answer.

● Self interest?

HERE are other frank comments from girls of varying ages in different pursuits:

A Secretary, 26: "I worry about finding myself herded in with a lot of unconsensual women either in a Service or a factory. This is not snobbery. It's just that I don't believe women are such good mixers as men. In military camps men from every walk of life seem to mix together happily, but I believe the differences caused by varying backgrounds mean more to women."

Dressmaker's finisher, 21: "I am very happy in my job. I feel, too, that it is essential for clothes to be made, and most of my work is in renovation."

Window dresser, 19: "I like window dressing, and I am quite happy as I am."

Typist, 19: "I wouldn't work in a factory because I don't agree with unionism. And I don't like wearing a uniform, which I would have to do in a Service."

Beauty Specialist, 23 (trained as expert facial masseuse):

"I sincerely consider that my work is as important and essential as any other. Ninety-nine per cent. of the clients who come here are servicewomen and women working in essential industries. They come here for relaxation and a fillip to femininity."

Hairdresser, 27: "I like my work, and would not like to give it up. Besides, I feel that life in a Service is the remuneration of everything feminine."

"After all, some women should be getting married and having babies for the future of the nation."

Many 18-year-old girls are prevented by parents from joining the Services. Some parents fear comparative freedom for young daughters who leave the home roof.

They have completely mistaken ideas about the perils of Service life to young girls.

● Careers

SOME girls fear for their future when the war is over. It does not occur to them that thousands upon thousands of men and women have taken the chance.

Commercial artist, 20, is typical: "I want to go on being a commercial artist. Otherwise, what will become of my career when the war is over?"

Hairdresser's apprentice, 18: "My father would not let me join a Service, and I prefer to go on with my apprenticeship. When the war is over there will be enough people scrambling for jobs as it is."

Some girls simply do not realise the need of the situation.

One spoke for a number when she said: "Of course, in England it was different. It was no wonder everyone rallied so splendidly with the raids as they were."

Many people do not know that although so far compulsion has been used only in rare cases, manpower authorities have full power to direct any person to any job.

They believe that a woman who goes willingly to a job is more useful than a resentful one.

They have no power to direct to the women's Services, in which women must enlist voluntarily.

Editorial

JUNE 5, 1943

SCIENCE FIGHTS ON

WHILE nations battle for freedom, another war is being waged in laboratories by the army of scientists who fight mankind's oldest enemy, disease.

Their unending struggle also demands untiring service and great self-sacrifice.

It has its inspiring triumphs, its bitter defeats and its tragic casualties.

An Australian member of this army, Miss Dora Lush, M.Sc., has just given her life in the cause of humanity.

She died of scrub typhus, with which she was infected when a syringe she was using in an experiment slipped and pierced her hand.

Her death is a loss to science and to Australia's war effort, for troops in New Guinea have been infected with the typhus on which she was working.

Like other scientists who have lost their lives in this way, Miss Lush insisted that her fatal illness be used by fellow workers to forward their researches.

For that purpose blood tests were taken during the three weeks of Miss Lush's sickness, and though she knew she was dying she showed keen interest in the progress of the research.

Hers was courage of a high order.

In the service of medical science, such men and women prove that human beings are capable of rising above selfish ambition to work for the good of all.

When the present conflict is over they will continue to risk their lives for friend and foe alike.

—THE EDITOR.

Tells baby daughter why he enlisted

A soldier writes to his 18-months-old daughter explaining "why your Dad is not around," in this week's "Letters from our Boys."

He is Corporal E. J. Anderson, with an A.I.F. armored regiment somewhere in Australia. His daughter, Roslyn, was born a few months after he enlisted.

"DEAREST Roslyn," he writes:

"The thought has just struck me that you are fast approaching the age when you must be trying to puzzle out why your Dad is not around."

"I feel that some sort of an explanation is due to you. So just in case I am not around in later years to explain personally, I am putting my case before you in the hope that you will forgive me not being there with your dear mother to attend to the thousand and one favors that a young lady like you must certainly deserve."

"When you were quite a tiny baby and lived in a little world of your own your father decided to become a soldier, though, to be honest, at the time he wasn't quite sure he was doing the right thing by you and your mother."

"But a voice inside kept telling him it was the right and only thing to do."

"Now, after two years of soldiering, he is positive that that voice told him the truth."

"For it was on those rare and delightful occasions when he was able to go home to his baby and her mother for a few days' leave that he truly realised just how precious are the possessions he is defending along with thousands of other fathers—all cogs in the machine which will some day make this world a worthy dwelling place for our daughters."

"For there are people in the world to-day who have so far forgotten the teachings of One who said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me' that they must needs make war and attempt to kill or enslave all those who oppose their ideas."

"If we had not left our homes to go out to stop them, you would have found yourself in a land ruled by hate and fear, instead of inheriting the joys and freedom which are your birthright as an Australian."

"This is hardly the legacy I would leave my daughter; and so that she will at least be able to enjoy the liberties and privileges that my father passed on to me I, with all the other fathers, am far from the sunshine of those we love."

"God grant that we may soon return, our job well done."

Gunner R. Fluke somewhere in Australia to his mother in Rydalmere, N.S.W.:

"MANY happy returns of next Sunday (Mother's Day), and thanks for putting up with me for about 21 years so far."

"The Army certainly makes a bloke realise what home and Mum are, and that is one reason I'm glad I am in the Army."

"I guess I won't be able to wear a white flower on my present 'suit', but shove one on the table for me. Remember when we used to have all those white flowers growing?"

"Do me a favor and wear that 'Mother' brooch I made for you."



DINNER-TIME at an R.A.A.F. camp in New Guinea. Photo sent by L.A.C. Ron James to his family at Earlwood, N.S.W.



THIS SNAPSHOT was in an album sent in error to Mrs. A. R. Good, 33 Rye St., Glenelg, S.A., with her son's effects after he was killed in the Middle East. Mrs. Good would like to return the album to its owner.

Two tall stories from New Guinea

Gunner W. Agnew to his sister, Mrs. Orvad, Thirroul, N.S.W.:

"THE latest discovery is the 'Xonowonkerous.' It is about the size of a crocodile, with small wings and a poisonous barb on its tail."

"It is caught by two men, who climb into trees a mile apart. One starts to sing until the beast, charmed by the music, approaches the tree."

"When it is quite close the man stops singing and the other starts. This process is repeated until the animal, running backwards and forwards, realises that its 'ears' must be funny and, sticking its poisonous barb into one ear to clean it, it is killed instantly by its own poison."

"It is pretty tough. To cook it we boil it in a drum with a couple of axeheads. When the axeheads are soft, it is ready to eat."

A soldier to his aunt in Merbein, Vic.:

"I NOTICED what appeared to be a peculiar sort of small plane."

"Looking closer, I saw it was a mosquito with a book on its back entitled, 'Flying, and the latest in Bombing Attack.' It had been to the drome and pinched it."

"When a lot of them attacked us recently I stood on my head, thinking they would bash their brains out on my boots. But all they did was to pinch the nails out of the soles."

Interesting People



DR. J. W. C. WAND
... Bath and Wells

JUST appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of highest ecclesiastical posts in England, Dr. J. W. C. Wand, Archbishop of Brisbane since 1935, is English by birth, son of Lincolnshire grocer. Says: "It is hard to leave Australia, but I have always favored an interchange between the Church in Australia and England." Former Dean, Oriel College Oxford. Served four years last war.



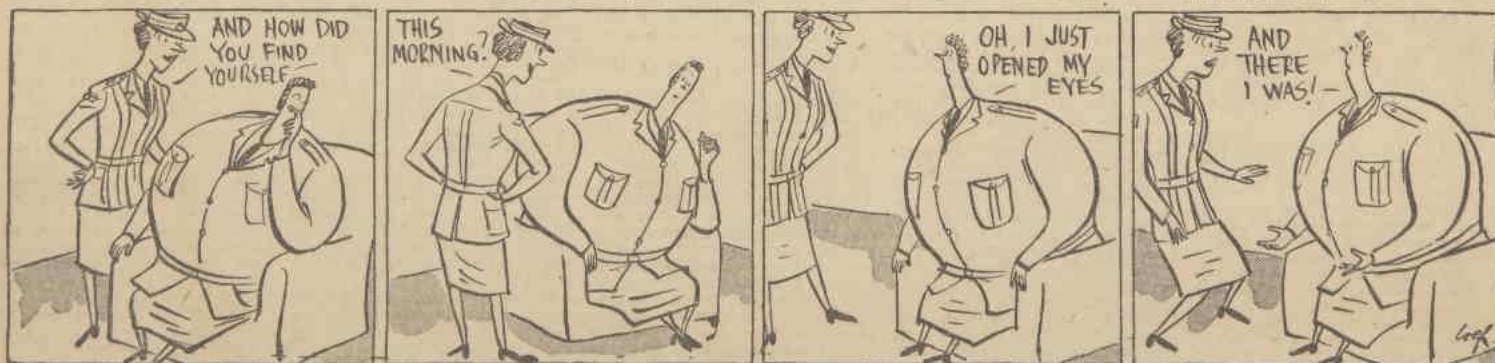
MISS JEAN MCKENZIE
... diplomat

ARRIVED in Australia from Washington to take up new appointment as official secretary to New Zealand High Commissioner (Mr. Berendsen), Miss Jean McKenzie becomes Canberra's first woman diplomat and second in British Empire. Was formerly second secretary, N.Z. Legation in America.



LORD GIFFORD

... received Oran surrender. RECENTLY mentioned in despatches for bravery and distinguished service during operations, and leading Allied troops in the landing in North Africa last November, Lieut.-Commander Lord Gifford, former A.D.C. to Governor of N.S.W.—widely known to Australian friends as "Giff"—received surrender of Oran from Mayor. Wore uniform of an American officer, and has been presented with its insignia as memento. Is now attached to British Fleet Air Arm.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

POSSIBILITIES of good fortune are excellent at this time, especially on June 1, 2, 7, and 8.

These should be successful days, particularly for people born under the signs Gemini and Libra, with Arians, Aquarians, and Leonians next in line for favors.

However, Virgoans, Sagittarians, and Pisceans must live quietly, avoiding changes and upsets, because losses, opposition and estrangements are possible.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review of the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Seek advancement and good fortune just now. Results can be surprisingly good on June 2 (except from 8 to 10 p.m.), June 7 and June 8 (to 11 p.m.).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): June 1 (late evening) and June 2 (from sunrise to 11 a.m.) very helpful, but don't be unreasonable in your demands.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep busy, for much good fortune is possible now. June 1 (evening) helpful; June 2 (except between 8 and 10 p.m.) excellent; June 3 (afternoon) poor, balance fair; June 4 (to dusk) fair, then poor; June 7 (to mid evening) excellent; June 8 (to 10 p.m.) excellent. Seek promotion, changes and favors.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): June 1 (late evening) and June 2 (dawn to forenoon) quite helpful for modest ventures. Also June 6 (after 10 p.m.).

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Diligence and forethought can bring surprisingly good results now or soon if June 7 or June 8 (from dawn to mid-evening) are utilised wisely. Also June 2 (except from 8 to 10 p.m.).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A week for routine work, so take things quietly, especially on June 3 (afternoon worst) and June 4 (evening worst). June 2 (evening) poor. Balance tricky. Avoid changes, arguments and upsets now.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Seek desired goals with optimism, hard work and wisdom, for success is probable in ventures started now. June 1 (late evening) very fair; June 2 (except mid-afternoon) fair; June 4 (to dusk) fair; June 7 (from 8.30 a.m. to mid-evening) excellent; June 8 (to late evening) excellent. Utilise these days fully.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Patience, caution and quiet living will be best. Avoid arguments and changes on June 1, 7, 8. June 6 (late evening) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): An element of loss, opposition, separation, and change afflicts this week, so beware of upsets, troubles and discord. This is particularly so on June 3 (afternoon worst) and June 4 (evening worst). June 7 and 8 may seem surprisingly fortunate, but beware of misjudgments.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): June 1 (evening) or June 2 (to 10 a.m.) can be moderately helpful.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A tricky week but with possibilities. June 1, June 2 (to 9 a.m.), June 7 and June 8 may seem more helpful than they eventually prove. Be wary over big decisions then. June 2, however, can be excellent to 8 p.m., then adverse to 10 p.m., but good thereafter. June 3 (afternoon) poor, but balance fair. June 4 (to dusk) helpful, then poor to 10 p.m.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be guarded this week, as your judgment will be poor and difficulties and discord easy to provoke. This is especially the case on June 2, 3, and 4. Routine best now. Avoid changes and worry.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have cleared up the mysterious attempts at murder inspired by **UNCLE:** With the aid of an orchid which gives off fumes that create an urge to kill. They are at the home of **CLAIR:** Whose marriage will deprive Uncle of her inheritance. On learning that he has been unmasked, Uncle kidnaps

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, and carries her to a shack surrounded by poison brambles deadly to the touch. He defies Mandrake, who then uses his hypnotic powers to create an imaginary fire. Uncle escapes along a path of harmless bushes, and, when captured by Mandrake, agrees to escort him back to Narda. On the way he attempts to throw the magician into the poisonous brambles. **NOW READ ON:**



NEW ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK

Woman's courage when war came to her home in Tunisia

By
RICHARD HUGHES
Cabled from Tunisia



"YOU ARE WICKED MEN. God will punish you," said the little old lady to the German officers. Artist Wep's impression of the scene described by Richard Hughes.

Our War Correspondent tells story that warmed his heart

I would like to tell you the story of the House of the Storks. It's a story of enemy occupation, so it's not a pleasant one.

It's a story of war and horror. But it's also a story of courage and love. I hope it will warm your heart as it did mine.

THE House of the Storks is a peaceful white stone farmhouse in a part of Tunisia which is very like Bowral. There is a green valley which runs between sharp blue hills. There are real honest-to-goodness eucalyptus trees. There is even golden acacia that looks like wattle.

And surrounded by these trees is this stone farmstead which reminds me very much of old homesteads near Kangaroo Valley in N.S.W.

Around this farm the greens are far brighter, the wild-flowers are far more vivid than in Australia—but no one anywhere ever saw poppies and daisies as gorgeous as they are in Tunisia in spring, even in bloody time of war.

It was down this valley that the Germans sullenly retreated before the British. It was this farmhouse, which I call the House of the Storks, that I entered with an American war correspondent before the fall of Tunis.

Cows, goats, sheep were grazing in the fields opposite. An Arab was pruning rose-trees. The sky was blue, the sun was warm.

"I could be at home in California," said the American.

"I could be at home in New South Wales," I said.

Maybe the American felt as homesick as I did.

Then we saw the storks' nests—great masses of twigs, each as big as a bathtub. There were two on the roof. There were at least four in eucalyptus trees beside the house.

In each a stork, placid and meditative, stood on one leg, occasionally caressing with its beak a baby stork's head thrust above nest level.

Hosts of sparrows had made their nests like basement flats under each stork's nest.

"They look like an advertisement for something or other," growled the American as he slipped out of our jeep.

Like most Americans, he growls when he feels sentimental. He's a good bloke.

I think I knew exactly how he felt. The storks had reminded me just as strongly of Hans Andersen, of fairy tales, of schooldays in Australia, of peace and happiness.

Anyway we knocked firmly at the door, coughed nervously, looked about us sternly, and brushed dust off our boots furtively.

A little old lady in stiff, crackling black opened the door. We asked in creaking French could we get some hot water for tea. She asked us in perfect English would we come in.

The room was cool and quiet and white. The walls were lined with books and hung with glowing pastels.

We delightedly accepted her invitation to have tea there. My friend rebuked me in an angry whisper for absentmindedly kicking out the dead ashes of my pipe on the stone floor. I had forgotten what it was like to be again in a home with ash-trays.

Waiting for news

HERE it was that our hostess told us her story of the Germans and the storks—a story of a woman and the war in this strange Mediterranean country of deserts and mountains, of wildflowers and death.

Her name does not matter. She asked that it not be mentioned. She had been born in Paris, had lived most of her life there, and had come to Tunisia with her sick husband ten years before. He died a year ago.

She continued to live at the farm which had become her home, await-

ing only letters from her son, who was now in a German prison camp, and from her daughter, who had been in Rotterdam when the Germans blasted that defenceless city.

She received letters from her son. But she had never heard from her daughter.

"I am afraid that she and my grandson were killed in the bombardment," she said gently, apologising in the same breath because she had no sugar for our tea. "It was that uncertainty that finally killed my husband," she said, then, pouring tea, she told us of the coming of the Germans.

Two jackbooted officers had tramped in one afternoon, clicked heels, saluted, and told her her farm was requisitioned as billets for the German Army.

"They were very proper, very correct," said our hostess, smoothing her apron with trembling, delicate, white hands. "But to me—you understand—they were the assassins of my daughter and little grandson, the captors of my dear son."

"I made rooms available for them. They had or took what they wanted. They saluted me punctiliously whenever they met me in the garden. But they understood I did not wish to talk to them."

Slowly we pieced together the rest of our hostess' story. Her reticences were more eloquent than her words.

The officers had become increasingly alarmed at the British advance. They watched anxiously as R.A.F. planes swept up the valley.

Dusty staff cars drove up and rushed away after hasty conferences. Columns of exhausted Germans tramped past.

One day there were loud, angry words in the room in which the officers worked. That morning the R.A.F. had heavily bombed the German camp down in the valley.

A staff colonel gesticulated excitedly at the door, saluted the officers, ran down to his car, and drove away.

The two officers were furious.

Their "correctness" was cracking. They carried out armfuls of documents to burn in the garden.

They drank much wine. They abused despatch riders. German motor traffic was streaming up the road.

And then the little old lady, coming slowly in from the vineyard in her black dress with its white lace collar, found the beaten, broken body of one of her farmhands lying in the ditch beside the gate.

He had been with the family since they arrived. He was little, simple, harmless, childish, affectionate.

He loved the storks, scattered food for them, watched them rear their families. He picked flowers each morning for Madam.

Every week he went eagerly to the post office to ask for mail that never came from some mysterious place in Central Europe, where his family had once lived before the war.

And now he lay dead in the ditch with his arms clasped around his battered head.

"You are wicked men. God will punish you," said the little old lady to one of the German officers.

As I pictured the scene, he was a big blond officer with a monocle, close-clipped moustache, angry, afraid, blustering, guilty, drunken.

He said the man was a half-wit and a Jew. "He laughed when I stumbled. I am not interested," he added.

Officer's threat

A STAFF car drove up while they were talking. The other officer lurched out with despatch tins and maps.

The little old lady repeated, "You are wicked men. God will punish you."

The monocled officer said, "We are leaving now. But you will hear from us again. You and your storks."

He pointed to the storks' nests on the roof, and the storks' nests in the eucalyptus trees.

"The Luftwaffe will find those storks when the English officers find your farmhouse," and he clicked his heels and saluted mockingly.

The two drove away. British armoured cars were along the valley road a few hours after the Germans had gone. The next day British officers were billeted in the farm.

That night, in bright moonlight, a German raider came over the



RICHARD HUGHES, our War Correspondent, who has covered the Tunisian campaign. He cabled this story of love and courage from Tunis.

farmhouse. He dropped a stick of bombs. They were near misses on the farmhouse, but they destroyed three eucalyptus trees.

Our hostess walked to the door and pointed to the blackened gap in the grove.

"There was a nest in each tree," she said quietly. "There was a young stork in each nest. In the morning three storks were still circling around the place where their nests had been."

"They perched, brooding, for the rest of the day on the roof. Then at sunset they flew away towards the sea."

"The other storks rose from their nests when they left, flew with them to the hills, then returned."

She poured more tea for us, stared unseeing into the fireplace.

"They are wicked men. They will be punished," she said again as we bade her farewell.

"The storks will come again to live here long after they are forgotten."

We left her standing in the doorway, smiling and waving.

The storks still stood one-legged on their nests on the roof and in the unscathed trees.

My friend and I walked back silently towards our jeep.

We passed a cross over a newly-dug grave beside the rose garden.

On it was written in wavering black lead-pencil in capitals: "Here lies —. He loved the storks."

New recruits to the nursing profession



BANDAGING. Nurse B. Jones practises on fellow trainee, Nurse E. Drewe.

MANPOWER authorities are concerned because so few girls are entering hospitals to train as nurses. The women's services and war factories have absorbed many who might have chosen this career. Matrons and doctors point out that girls who take up nursing do a fine war job and at the same time acquire a profession for life.

Pictures on this page show girls in the preliminary training school at Prince Henry Hospital, Sydney.



DEMONSTRATION. Sister Neville shows trainees how to bath a baby.



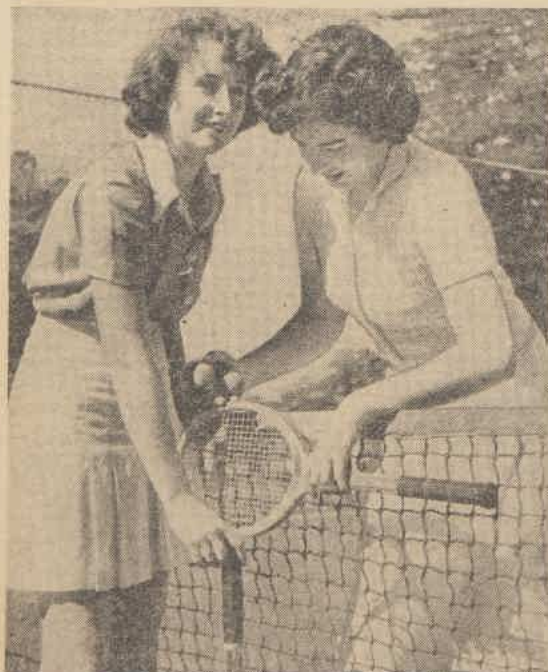
DETAIL. Nurse Dorothy Scott is learning how to pour a dose of medicine correctly—with the glass held at eye level. Sister Neville supervises.



LECTURE. Anatomy and physiology are taught on models. Tutor Sister H. Humphries illustrates on model heart points in her lecture.



FIRST AID. Much of this training is done out of doors. The girls are wearing their new-style austerity uniforms, recently designed to save yardage.



OFF DUTY. Nurse Margaret Kerr and Nurse Jean Johnston wind up the net for game on the hospital tennis court.



BANDAGE-WINDER. This useful machine saves time during sessions of bandage practice.



EXERCISE. Sister Rodgers uses a brassy on hospital's golf course, which is a boon to staff.

THE old man looked down at his gnarled hands. "I don't know, I don't know as it would do any good. To her, I mean." He paused and then went on softly: "I never told anyone else. I'm not telling those police fellows. But she cleared out—left the show—with some city feller."

The waitress brought coffee. When she had gone Maroni said: "First, when she cleared out I thought it was over Salvi. She was stuck on him, you know I didn't like it."

Pel said: "They get that way about him."

"That's what I told Rena," the circus man said. "Haven't I seen 'em. What's he got? that feller?"

"Ask them."

Maroni gazed with unblinking eyes. "When I was young," he said, "they used to hang about, I wasn't a bad lookin' kid. But nothing like they chase Salvi."

"He's not so wonderful to look at," Pel said. "Maybe the dames don't know the answer themselves."

Maroni spoke as if he had not heard. "When I told her to quit foolin' with him we had some words. But just words. I thought she'd got over it. I told her I'd have none of him as a son-in-law. He looked happily across the table."

"I shouldn't," he said that, Pel. Ordering her around. Couldn't never stand anyone ordering me around. Married the girl I wanted to and be banged to all of them."

"That weren't the worst of it. The next night I see Salvi go into Estelle's dressing tent. She'd fallen for him, too, poor little devil. I don't like that sort of thing about the lot, but I didn't interfere. I made a bad break. Pel, I think I'll cure Rena once for all. I go and get her and take her along to Estelle's tent. We stand outside and we can see their shadows on the canvas—him and her."

"Suddenly he puts out his hands and takes her in his arms and kisses her. It was a shadow show. So plain. Rena lets out a little cry as if someone had stabbed her and turns and runs away back to her own tent. I creep up and I can hear her sobbing and sobbing and I spoke to her and she said 'Go away! Go away!'"

He looked down at the spoon, which was still in his coffee cup. He had forgotten it. He put it in the saucer and looked at Pel with moist eyes. "They were the last words I heard her say. The next morning she had gone."

He drank a mouthful of coffee. "I figure," he said, "that she was so lit up about Salvi and Estelle that she cleared out with this other guy."

Pel finished his coffee. "Listen, Mr. Maroni," he said. "Whatever they say, whatever you hear, don't get it into your head that Rena was a wrong 'un even for a moment. She was a Maroni. I saw her the day before she died. She was going back to the show."

A tiny gleam came into Maroni's eyes. "You're not just telling me, Pel."

"No," Pel said. "I talked to her a lot. She was going back to the show. She was getting her hands fit. She was crazy to get back but was scared of me." The old man was incredulous.

Pel said: "She'd left you flat. She thought she'd let the show down. She knew what the show meant to you."

Maroni nodded. "I know how she'd feel."

"But she was going back," Pel said, firmly. "She even had a present for you. An old scrap-book a friend of mine collected and gave her. It's full of old circus pictures—you on the Arab and Rena as a tiny tot in her first act on the Shetland—and your wife. Funny, isn't it, how other people collect the things that mean so much to us?"

"Rena said: 'Dad'll be tickled pink. He'll love this. Dear old dad.' They were her very words."

Maroni's lips moved but no words came.

"So, you see," Pel went on. "The last words she said to you were not, 'Go away.'"

"Dear old dad," the words came slowly. The circus man put out his hand and rested it on Pel's. "She always liked you, Pel," he said. "She liked me," Pel said, "because I liked you."

Pel returned to his sprukling. It was interesting to see how business improved when he was in front. Invariably he found something fresh to say, but he was too good a showman to spruk all the time. The

Continuing . . . Common People

from page 5

"ballyhoo" was part of the show, but there were more ways of getting them in than by talking to them.

Thus, when Dan Carey came along and asked, "How's it going?" Pel took him by the arm, gently squeezed it, and, knowing very well that several were listening, said earnestly:

"We're expecting trouble, Dan. It's his wife. She doesn't like it. He's pretty hungry by now and tomorrow he'll be worse and pretty cranky. If she comes down she'll think he's dying. Either he'll break his way out or she'll break her way in. Be a sport. Try and keep her away."

Carey loyally responded. "I'll do my best, but you know what she is when she's on the rampage. I'll invite her out to the showgrounds."

"What you got there this year?" Pel asked, equally loyal.

"Wang, the Chinese giant, and is he big!"

"Eat much?"

"I'll say," Carey said, passing into

Animal Antics



"Henry feels rather strongly about government relief."

the shop. He looked back over his shoulder. "Three loaves of bread and two pounds of steak for breakfast. Can you beat it?"

Pel struck the window sharply with his cane. "On the inside see Sapollo, the starving man, the only human being in the world who can live without food."

Later, inside, Carey said quietly: "Linley's been out to the showgrounds going over us with a small-tooth comb."

"Did he find anything?"

"I don't think so. But he's curious about Wang. The big boy won't talk. I don't think he knows the quarter of what's said to him."

"Linley may be kidding about the giant."

"I thought of that. But Wang was out of the room that night, once at least. I guess where he went, but I don't know. Look how he came to the party. Made up his mind all of a sudden. And Linley's found out that when the taxi brought him he went up on his own and came back again a few minutes later. About five, the taxi chap says."

"Why?"

"He doesn't know. He was doing something to his car when the big boy turned up again and pointed upstairs. The taxi chap thought he wanted him to show him the way. That's why he brought him up. I don't think there's anything in it. But Linley doesn't know Wang's kind. We know they're all whims. They ain't really human, Pel."

He lowered his voice. "He might have been on his way up and seen the girl and got a bee in his bonnet. The girl would be scared stiff if something like that walked in unexpected. He'd get excited, maybe, and—gee, I hate to think of it. It'd be so quick—and easy."

"You got too much imagination," Pel commented. "Wang wouldn't hurt anything."

"He wouldn't mean to, but you don't know what's in the minds of these birds. I been among 'em all my life and I never found out yet. And giants is the worst. Wang might've just thought she was pretty and wanted to touch her. He don't know how strong he is. Look how

he outed Rorke—and Salvi—with his palm. Just a push."

"I know, I know," Pel said; "but I can't see it." He thought a moment. "Salvi working on his own this year?"

"No, he's with me," Carey said. "He and Joel Webster were working percentage, but Joel's had some family trouble and had to go south. I took over for him. I'm glad to get Salvi. I hate the feller—I think—but he's a showman. And he sure can pull the women."

"Linley talk to him?"

"Plenty. He don't know nothing and he keeps on saying it. But, say, there was one thing, Pel. I don't think Linley asked him. I never thought of it myself till now. But I got a hazy idea someone rang him up at Sap's party."

"I didn't notice," Pel said, but his eyes narrowed. "Look, Dan, keep it under your hat a bit, will you? I've got a hunch."

"About Salvi—and the telephone? I don't think it's anything. Some dame talking him up, I guess."

"Maybe," Pel agreed. "I'll pop out to the showground to-morrow morning and take a look at things."

"You'll get Salvi in the morning," Carey told him. "The carrier's bringing his gear at ten. Salvi'll be there. He's fussy about it."

Before lunch Pel walked round to the Jockey Club and saw Rogers.

"What's got to be done has got to be done in private, Skin," he said.

The bookmaker looked at him enquiringly. Without a word he led the way to the room he used as an office and carefully shut the door.

"What is it?" he asked.

Pel took off his hat and placed it carefully on the desk. He pulled out a chair and set it in the middle of the room. He turned his back on Rogers, lifted his coat-tails, and leaned over the chair.

"Kick me hard, Skin," he said. "I deserve it."

Rogers grinned. With the palm of his hand he gave the other a resounding thwack. "Feel better?"

"It helps," Pel straightened. "Now, spill it."

Pelham told him about Ricketty and what he had seen on the Billiga Sliding and how he had planted Ricketty outside the club that morning to see whether he could recognise Rogers as the man he saw take Rena Maroni away.

Rogers said: "Ricketty? Well, I'm blowed. After all these years! How's he fixed?"

"He's got a hat and boots, and a sort of coat and trousers. I'll find him something."

"Here's my whack for old time's sake," Rogers said, producing a five-pound note. "He earned it this morning."

"I'll give him a bit at a time. I'd like him to stay put a bit. He's a loyal scout to those he knows. Took quite a liking to your car. Says a Belmont's the kind he'd buy."

"Does he, now?"

"I guess the only car he's ever ridden in is the black one with an escort on the back seat."

Rogers said: "You eat about six-thirty, don't you?" and when Pel nodded he went on: "Make it five-thirty. Have Ricketty there. I'll pick you up."

He was there in the Belmont right to the moment. At his bidding Pel climbed in the back of the car. In a few moments the lanky Cecil escorted Ricketty to the kerb.

"Get in," Rogers said.

"What's this?" Ricketty enquired, hesitating. "Police?"

"Police nothing, you little blighter," Rogers grinned, and reaching out grabbed the other by the arm and yanked him into the car.

"Hold on to him, Pel," he added as he started the car.

It was, for Ricketty at least, a miraculous reunion. The big car moved swiftly till leaving the city, it sped through the suburbs and over gentle hills, and at the end of an avenue of trees stopped before a large building with ample grounds.

"Well, gentlemen," Rogers said. "There she is. A bit changed. She's bigger and fatter. But that's her all right."

He got out. The others followed. "The old home," Ricketty said, quietly.

They stood in a line, Skin Rogers towering over the other two. He lifted his hand and they followed suit. "Ready," Skin said. "Right."

Together they roared the old

school cry: "Hoo-boo-hootah. Hootah-hootah-hay. Yow-ee."

The yell brought a crowd of boys rushing to the high railings. Rogers dragged a parcel from the car and opened it and began throwing cakes of chocolate and bags of sweets over the fence. Pel helped. Ricketty pocketed a few cakes of chocolates against emergency and went to work with a will.

"Divide 'em up," Skin cried. He looked through the railings and spoke to one of the bigger lads. He was a good-looking boy, watching the others scrambling for the packets. "Say," Skin said, "don't you want any?"

"Oh, they'll give me some."

Rogers let his gaze rest for a moment on the boy's face. "I bet they will," he said. "And I bet you see the little kids get a fair deal."

"I will, mister."

Rogers put his hand through the railings. "Shake, pal," he said.

As the trio climbed back into the car Ricketty with battered hat and torn pants, Pelham slick in his bowler and tailed coat, Rogers neatly and expensively dressed, two men passed.

One said: "What's the idea, I wonder?"

The other said: "It's a publicity stunt."

That evening Marie brought her sewing and sat alongside her Henri, consoling him at intervals with a smile or a portentous wink, and at such times as there were no curious listeners, exchanging a word or two.

"How you feel, Poppa?"

"The 'ead 'e aches—jus' like always. You 'ave nice dejeuner, Marie?"

She put her sewing into her lap. "Consomme. Zee rosbif, an'—oul, zee creme Francois Mattiste!" She kissed her fingers. "Ah, c'est bon."

Sapollo smiled back. "Postcards—she is good," he reported. "La Vie Henri Sapollo not so 'ot. She will grow. On Saturday, mommie, I go cranky."

"I know," she said. "Pel tell me, Henri, don't you be too cranky, like Madrid. Don't you smash no glass. Zee glass she co' money."

She chuckled and her husband laughed back at her through the pane.

Then, simultaneously, both countenances dropped and Sapollo's assumed his professional melancholy as visitors entered. Marie began sewing with hysterical intensity, every now and then wiping away an imaginary tear. It was a picture to arouse curiosity and, maybe, sympathy.

Pel had a word with the Frenchwoman before she left. "We're in for a good season, Marie. We'll have a real party when Henri comes out."

"I count every day. When 'e come out zee chouffeur she will be in bloom. Poppa 'e like zee chouffeur. I make zee kraut Alsacienne, too. Your little boy, 'e like my gateaux."

"It was a fight to the death between us for the last one."

She didn't fully understand, but knew it was a compliment. "I make zee gateau very good," she said.

Sapollo, watching them from the other side of the glass, smiled understandingly. He poured himself some soda water and lifted his glass.

Pel walked down the avenue of sidewalks at the Showground. The carnival was not to open for a few days, but, already, many tents were erected and ready for occupation. Most had big, garish signs affixed.

Estelle's was a pit show next to Wang's from which hung a gigantic banner representing a panic-stricken mob of pig-tailed Chinese fleeing in consternation from a tremendous figure, whose seven league boots were crushing one or two of the more tardy Celestials. Sprays of red paint, representing the blood of the unfortunates, added a pleasant note of color to a rather gruesome ensemble, but gave verisimilitude to the wording:

WANG

The Terror of Peking

Bella, the tattooed lady, was talking earnestly to Salvi outside the entrance to his tent when Pel strode up. Neither was particularly pleased at the interruption and Pel knew it.

"Hope I'm not intruding," he said. "No," Bella said quickly. "I was just going. Our outfit's just round the corner. I'll be seen 'ya."

She set off, moving gracefully on shapely, black-stockinged legs.

"Some looker, Bella?" Pel commented.

Please turn to page 19



JOHN TATE, one of the leading players in "Prisoner at the Bar," broadcast from station 2GB.

Famous criminal trials

Popular radio series

When "Prisoner at the Bar," a popular Saturday night broadcast from Station 2GB, was recently suspended listeners protested against the loss of a popular dramatic entertainment.

As a result, these half-hour courtroom stories are being returned to the air, and will be heard from 9 to 9.30 every Saturday night.

"PRISONER at the Bar" is a series of presentations based on authentic criminal cases.

In most of the programmes the names used are fictitious, but where the cases have passed into crime history, and there remains no danger of an authentic presentation doing any damage to those associated with it, the trial is reconstructed exactly as it took place, except that in all cases the court scenes are interspersed with dramatic re-creations of incidents in the crime itself.

A typical broadcast dealt with Henri Landru, the Bluebeard of modern France. Of dominating stature, with magnetic eyes, Landru murdered many women, and entered the names of his victims in a black notebook, with the amount of monetary profit yielded beside each name. Landru was a most cold-blooded business-man, as well as the most prolific murderer of all time.

But while such a case has historical interest for the listener as well as for the student of the psychological side of the crime, the majority of the presentations are planned along lines of everyday interest.

Crime history provides an abundance of material of all descriptions for these broadcasts. Apart from this, fresh crimes of an unusual nature are committed somewhere in the world every week, so that endless material will be available for the continuation of this intriguing series of entertainments, which are portrayed by many of Sydney's leading dramatic players.

To accommodate "Prisoner at the Bar," the musical feature, "The Perfect Song," will in future be heard at 8.45 on Saturday night.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, June 2: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 3 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Thanks in Favor."

FRIDAY, June 4: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, June 5: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Complete."

SUNDAY, June 6 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MUNDAY, June 7: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, June 8: Musical Alphabet.

Film Reviews

★ ★ HAPPY GO LUCKY

Mary Martin, Dick Powell, (Paramount.)

THIS is a slight but truly happy-go-lucky story which makes entertaining and good escapist fare for these days.

The setting is in the sunny Caribbean Islands, with its lazy tropical atmosphere disturbed amusingly when a liner brings beautiful show-girls.

Ne'er-do-wells, played by Dick Powell and Eddie Bracken, idle their days away as "managers" for natives diving for money thrown from visiting liners, but they are involved into action when they get involved with showgirls Mary Martin and Marjorie Stewart. Rudy Vallee plays again the role of a serious-minded bespectacled millionaire, with great success, and Betty Hutton is delightful. — Prince Edward; showing.

★ ★ SECRET MISSION

Hugh Williams, James Mason. (G.B.D.)

AN exciting and topical story of the hectic adventures in Occupied France of two British officers, one Free Frenchman and a Cockney private, who set out to discover the secret of Nazi fortifications.

Fine performances are given by Hugh Williams as the cool leader and James Mason as the emotional Frenchman, and robust comedy relief is supplied by Roland Culver and Michael Wilding.

The film is skilfully directed and packed with action, and builds up to thrilling climax of the British paratroop raid. — Clivie; showing.

★ PIERRE OF THE PLAINS

John Carroll, Ruth Hussey. (MGM.)

REFRESHING little romance with an impressive setting of the Canadian mountains.

The story is filmy, and the appeal of this film is mainly due to John Carroll, who is aptly cast as Pierre, devil-may-care trapper.

Ruth Hussey gets a bad break as Daisy Denton, owner of the village inn. Her make-up and frocking are most unflattering, and though she

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.



ON THE COLUMBIA SET, Claire Trevor smilingly gives her autograph to a visiting serviceman.

marked lack of interest. The doubtful feminine appeal is supplied by Eileen O'Hearn. — Clivie; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Mrs. Miniver. Heart-warming war classic, with Greer Garson. — Liberty; 35th week.

★★★ The Foreman Went to France. Clifford Evans, Tommy Trinder in superb drama. — Lyceum; 12th week.

★★★ This Above All. Dramatic love story. Joan Fontaine is magnificent. — Century; 10th week.

★★★ Bambi. Walt Disney's charming and tender story of animal life. — Embassy; 6th week.

★★★ Pride of the Yankees. Appealing story of baseball hero, starring Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright. — Mayfair; 5th week.

★★★ Vanishing Virginian. Charming Old-World story, featuring Frank Morgan, Kathryn Grayson. — Victory; 16th week.

★★★ Orchestra Wives. Prothy show, highlighted with Glen Miller's band. — Plaza; 5th week.

★★ Road to Morocco. Hope, Crosby, and Lamour in a hilarious comedy. — Regent; 6th week.

★★ Hold That Ghost. Abbott and Costello in crazy comedy, with Joan Davis. — State; 3rd week.

★ Cairo. Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Young in farcical spy melodrama. — St. James; 2nd week.

Quiet wedding for Ann Sothorn

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

Lovely, blonde Ann Sothorn and former actor, Air-Cadet Robert Sterling, were quietly married in the small country town of Ventura, sixty miles from Hollywood. Only their closest friends were invited and Ann was attended by Mrs. Roy Milland. Last week, when Ann was granted her final divorce decree from Roger Pryor, Sterling drove to Ventura and took out the licence.

Ann divorced Pryor on the grounds that his insistence on flying made her nervous to the point where her work was seriously affected, but strangely enough her new husband is an Army flier.

"I met Robert when we played together in 'Ringaldis Maisie' just before he joined up," said Ann, "and he is now on sick leave recuperating from an appendix operation. Next week he goes to Arizona on duty, and I must return to Metro to finish 'Cry Havoc,' so we don't know when we will meet again."

EXPECTANT mothers in the film colony include Veronica Lake, Brenda Marshall, Maureen O'Sullivan, Gene Tierney, and Cobina Wright, Jun. Gene and Cobina are planning to save expenses and share a hospital room, as their respective husbands are both in the Army.

ONE of the proudest girls in Hollywood is young Bonita Granville, who has had a Flying Fortress named in her honor. "Bunny G" is the selection, which is Bonita's nickname.

SIMPLY dressed in a tailored costume, and wearing dark glasses, Ava Gardner appeared at court to obtain her divorce from Mickey Rooney. "He just wasn't made for marriage. Twice he went to stay with his mother and left me for a whole month," she said.

MOST of the studios are showing a renewed interest in child stars. MGM are convinced that they have discovered sensational new star in six-year-old Margaret O'Brien, who gets her big chance in "Journey for Margaret." Meanwhile Paramount pin their faith in Diana Hale, who will be first seen in "Good Fellows" with Cecil Kellaway. Universal claim to have found another Rooney in Donald O'Connor, and Fox are planning Shirley Temple roles for newcomer Peggy Ann Garner, who will be seen in "The Pied Piper."

Common People

Continued from page 18

"SHE'S all right," Salvi agreed, but without enthusiasm.

"I wanted to have a yarn with you, Salvi."

The sword-walker glanced up suspiciously. "About what?"

"About Rena Maroni," Pel said steadily. He kept his eyes on the other's face.

Salvi turned away impatiently. "I'm fed up talking about her," he said.

Pel said: "For your own sake you've got to talk. I'm not the police."

Salvi looked at him rudely. "How do I know?" He added swiftly: "Not that it matters."

Pel said brusquely: "If you don't talk to me, Salvi, I'll have to tell the police what I know."

"Know about what?" He was truculent.

"Various things. Your telephone call on the night of the murder, for instance. You haven't told anyone about that, have you?"

Salvi was staring at his patent leather shoes. He didn't look up. He said: "Let's get inside."

He led the way to the entrance to the tent, walking softly like a cat. Pel thought, but with swift steps. When they were inside he let down the flap. There was a small platform at the far end, and on this a ladder of swords had been erected. The sabres, laid crosswise, edges up, brightly polished, made a brave show.

Salvi said: "Squat down," and seated himself on the edge of the platform. Pel sat beside him. He said: "You're asking yourself what this has got to do with me. Well, it's got a lot to do with me. I'm suspect. I was with Rena Maroni quite a bit lately."

"I know," Salvi said. "She told me."

Pel was genuinely surprised. "She told you? When?"

"The afternoon of the day she was killed." His eyes lifted, and

for the first time, he looked directly at Pel. "If she hadn't told me I wouldn't be talking to you now. I know you were helping her out of a jam, trying to fix things so she could go back to the old man." He leaned back and ran his finger along the carved handle of the lowest sabre in the ladder behind him.

"I guess Linley was right," he went on. "We're all in this. Any one of us mighta done it. But we didn't. I didn't, anyhow. I don't think any of the mob did, but we can't prove it."

"We can try."

"Be little Sherlock Holmeses," He laughed.

Pel said softly: "Rena liked you."

Salvi made an impatient gesture. "She thought she did."

"Did you like her?"

Salvi shrugged. "As much as I like any of 'em," he said. He paused, then added in a different tone as if he thought had just struck him. "I don't like any of 'em very much."

"Not even—Estelle?"

Salvi sprang to his feet. "Oh, for heaven's sake," he cried. "Why drag her in? Someone from Maroni's show's been talking. Well, if you want to know, I kissed her and played round a bit with her. I don't know why. I was sorry for her. I guess—but, listen, Pelham. Don't get me wrong. She's on the level, and she's a wonderful woman. Why shouldn't she have a bit of fun?"

"I know. I know," Pel said soothingly. "She's a great kid. I only wanted to get things straight."

Salvi calmed and sat down again, but his eyes were still smouldering.

Pel said: "Who telephoned you at the party?"

Salvi thought a moment. "Oh, that," he said, his tone elaborately casual, "that weren't nothing—nothing to do with the other business."

"When she told you about me, was that the last time you saw her before the police came?"

Salvi stared at his toes. He didn't answer and Pel went on: "Someone found the key of her apartment. There will be a finger and thumb print on it. I thought you'd better know."

The flap at the entrance was pulled back suddenly and Dan Carey entered, followed by Rorke. "Mr. Rorke wants to see you, Salvi," he said. "Oh, hello, Pel."

Rorke looked sour. "Why must you always be about?" he asked as Pel rose. "You can get out of here. I've got business with this bird." He walked over to the small platform and looked over Salvi's shoulder at the ladder of swords. "This the fake ladder?" he asked. "Very pretty. Very pretty."

He put out his finger and touched the edge of one of the sabres, withdrawing quickly with an oath and wrapping his finger in a handkerchief as blood came from the cut.

Carey grinned happily. "Little boys shouldn't touch," Pel said, grinning also.

"Get up, Don Juan," Rorke ordered Salvi angrily. Salvi stared at him insolently. "What do you want?" he asked. "I've told Linley all I know."

"Is that so?" Rorke turned on him savagely. "Did you tell him you were in love with Rena Maroni?"

There was a perceptible pause before Salvi answered. "In love with who?"

"Rena Maroni," Rorke said. "You heard." He went on: "Get your hat. Linley wants to talk to you again."

"You surely don't think—" Carey began.

"I think one of two things, Carey," Rorke snapped. "Either this bird—he indicated Pel—"killed the girl with his lily-white hands, or this Mormon—he gestured with his cut finger at Salvi—"found her in her apartment with another man and choked the life out of her."

To be continued

The Greatest Saturday Night Entertainment on the Air.

6.15 "Fibber McGee and Molly"

6.45 "The Good Earth"

7.00 Australian and Overseas News

7.30 "THE GINGER SHOW"

8.00 "AUSTRALIA SINGS"

8.30 "DOCTOR MAC"

8.45 "THE PERFECT SONG"

9.00 "PRISONER AT THE BAR"

9.30 "PLEASE, JOHNNY WADE"

10.00 B.B.C. News.

10.15 "What the Commentators Say"

10.30 "The Romantic Hour"

ALL FROM **2GB** Every SATURDAY



ENGLISH OFFICER AND BRIDE. Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Maurice Hope leave St. Mark's after their wedding. Bride was formerly Pamela Osborne, of Jugiong and Bellevue Hill, and bridegroom is only son of Admiral Sir George and Lady Hope, of Sussex.

Heard Around TOWN

RED CROSS Special Auxiliary delighted with proceeds of their china and glass auction at David Jones.

Proceeds, together with donations, amount to approximately £4200. Mr. Frank Albert, to assure total amount topping the £5000 mark, sends in welcome cheque of £800.

Committee have already embarked on their next project—the Christmas Card Appeal.

ENGAGEMENT of country interest is that of Kathryn Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Tobin, of Kullala, Bolwarra, West Maitland, and Raymond Neville, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hall, of Yuruga, East Gresford.

BETTY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Rule, of Campsie, announces her engagement to Leading-Signaller Roy Whitton, R.A.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Whitton, of Mannerim, Victoria.

ENGAGEMENT announced. Betty, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hibble, of Bathurst, and Captain Philip Crocker, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Crocker, of Vauchuse.

CONCERT at Town Hall for R.A.A.P. Central Area Comforts Fund is attended by Lady Gowrie. President, Mrs. T. H. Kelly, entertains at a supper party at her home after the concert. Violinist Thomas Matthews and his wife, Eileen Reilly, Colonel and Mrs. Charles Moses, Mrs. Dundas Allen, Ivie Price, and Peter Lubbock among guests.

A.C.W. ELAINE THORNTON-BROWNE, who for past year has been stationed in the country, has now been posted to Sydney.

Is hoping she will be able to complete her Arts course, which she discontinued when she joined up, by taking night classes.



LONDON WEDDING. Engineer-Commander W. G. Armitage, R.A.N., of Sydney, and his bride, formerly Betty Giblin, of Tasmania, leaving St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, after their recent marriage.

On and Off DUTY.

MEMBERS of Metropolitan Air Force Younger Set tell me they raised over £100 between themselves in their recent queen competition.

Younger Set members are all business girls, but find time to spend one or more evenings a week packing parcels for R.A.A.P. squadron they have "adopted."

Part of £100 already spent on crate of books, wallets, tin-openers, and special gifts for the squadron.

Winner of competition, who will be crowned at Younger Set's Ball on July 7, is Marie Starr, and runner-up is Del Cornell.

Both girls will be present at supper-dance given by committee to members of R.A.A.P. at Teachers' Federation Hall, Phillip Street, on June 7.



ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Margaret Necia, only daughter of Gunner and Mrs. E. A. Gumbrell, of Concord West, and her fiancé, U.S. Corporal Max Huffaker, second son of Mrs. I. H. Huffaker, of Dallas, Texas.

AS "something borrowed," Kay O'Rourke wears her mother's pearls when she marries A.C.I. Stephen Harnay at St. Vincent's Church, Ashfield.

Kay, who is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Rourke, of Strathfield, is attended by her sister, Mrs. I. Hugo, as matron of honor.

Bridegroom, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Harnay, of Kingsford, is attended by his brother, Sergeant Jim Harnay, A.I.F.

Father G. Meredith, who went to school with the bridegroom, performs the ceremony.

After ceremony 80 guests attend the reception at Amory, Ashfield.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Lieut. Gordon Lindeman, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Diana Deves Hamilton, of Melbourne, leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding.



ADOPTION SCHEME. Lady Julius receives certificate of adoption from Australian Comforts Fund chairman, Mr. Andrew Donaldson. For one shilling weekly any citizen can adopt a serviceman, and thus keep him in comforts.

ONLY two days' leave for Driver Alan Blair McDonald (A.I.F.), but he and Helen Kelly make rushed plans for their wedding, and are married at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay.

Helen, who is twin daughter of Mrs. E. R. Kelly, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. J. J. Kelly, is attended by her twin sister Kitty.

Alan is the youngest son of Mrs. D. V. McDonald, of Dowling Street, Dungog, and the late Mr. C. M. McDonald.

After the ceremony, which is performed by Monsignor R. J. O'Regan, there is small family reception at bride's home.

BARBARA BAKER BECKETT chooses June 9 as date for wedding to Lieut. C. W. Reilly, A.I.F., at Blessed Sacrament Church, Clifton Gardens.

Barbara is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Becket, of Clifton Gardens, and her fiancé is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Reilly, of Kew, Victoria.

MR. AND MRS. KEN CULPAN delighted with news of arrival of two new grandchildren during same week.

Elder daughter, Betty, now Mrs. Richard Jamieson Williams, of Michigan, U.S.A., cables to announce birth of a son, which will be named Kenneth, after his grandfather.

Same week, daughter Patricia, now wife of Captain Keith Phillips, receives congratulations on birth of a daughter, Bettina, at St. Luke's Hospital, Sydney.



GRADUATES. Wearing cap and gown, Betty Edwards, B.Sc. (left) and Margaret Lamb, B.A., at graduation ceremony at Sydney University.



SINGER WEDS. A.C.I. "Bill" Bridgeland and bride, singer Patricia Pringle, attended by Cpl. Bruce Bridgeland and Mrs. A. Simms, at St. Andrew's, Rose Bay.



DEEDS OF HOUSE, first prize in Sheepskins for Russia Art Union, being handed over by Mrs. Jessie Street to winner, nine-year-old Patrick O'Connor.

Work miracles of charm with odd pieces of fur

• Have you a worn-out fur coat that is just "impossible" this winter? Surely, there is enough good fur in it to have made into strips to trim a suit like this. And even enough to make a loose brim round a pill-box hat.

• Perhaps from that old fur jacket you may have enough fur to make a pair of huge revers for your new winter coat . . . or to add interest to your old one.

• A piece of beaver or closely-clipped fur makes a charming new beret. Wear it plank on the back of your head and tuck in a green velvet bow at the back to trail on to your hair.

• A topknot and a brim of fur added to a very small length of emerald-green ribbon velvet, or grosgrain, or a strip of felt, lined with stiffening . . . and there you have the snappiest hat.

• A small fur collar and two big chunky fur buttons retrieved from your old fur coat can make a suit look just so different.



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HAR BUTT'S
'Plasticine'

The ever-plastic material
with
a 101 domestic uses

Fashion in wartime U.S.A.



● An elaborately casual skirt of red wool jersey is offset with a brief black jacket and snowy white hat and softly tailored blouse.



● Dramatic black felt profile hat garnished with woven strands of cellulose acetate butyrate. Fragile in appearance, it is strong enough to withstand rain or wind.



● One of the most popular styles is this one-piece black wool crepe frock; crisp touches of starched white chiffon at the neckline, and cuffs margined with lace.



● Clever deception in a one-piece dress, which gives the impression of a three-piece costume. The pink "jacket" over the black skirt is worn with a white pique gilet.

By PEG McCARTNEY

WARTIME necessities have provided U.S. fashion creators with a new challenge, and this season they have had to cut out extravagances and make their styles not only conform to Government restrictions in materials and metals, but also to the practical wartime taste of American women.

Therefore, the latest collections show that while the new fashions are as varied and interesting as ever, they are also ingeniously adaptable and not so blatantly new-looking that women in last year's clothes will feel self-conscious.

The slim silhouette is a logical turn in the normal style cycle, as well as a patriotic necessity, but designers have relieved the possible monotony of the pencil skirt with clever drapery which conserves material, but gives the appearance of fullness to narrow skirts. Peplum effects, particularly, which break the straight skirt line, figure extensively in 1943 fashions.

This year the long-standing popularity of the spring suit is somewhat threatened by the one-piece dress which is bringing increasingly large demands, and is rapidly becoming the most influential trend-setter of the season.

The one-piece dress gives the impression of a separate skirt and blouse—a black-and-white printed skirt with a plain black bloused shirt top. Or a heavier wool skirt with a pink-violet top cleverly cut and stitched to the skirt to make it appear like a separate jacket, and so saving precious material.

Simulated jackets

A FURTHER variation on this type of dress is the costume with the simulated bolero. Actually the "bolero" is stitched down, making the dress one piece. One of the most popular on this theme recently displayed was made in navy crepe with a midriff effect in checked crepe.

American women have indicated, however, that they do not want their wartime clothes to be exclusively of the trim tailored variety. Women who have been in uniform all day demand more frivolous clothes for their hours of relaxation. Designers have therefore introduced self material ruffles of crepe and even of soft-tailored wool in both suits and dresses. In this way they conserve a decollete look with chiffon tops which make them eminently suitable for more formal evening wear, too.

The familiar shirtwaist dress is made even more adaptable with a casual sequin decoration on the collar, giving it a formal evening distinction without extravagance.

These new American fashions show that designers have not considered wartime rules as limitations, but as an excuse to produce outstanding and ingenious clothes. They are making the best of restrictions, and keeping 1943 up to America's fashion standard.



Ah! ... that's Persil Whiteness

It's easy to see that towel has had a bath, as well—a Persil bath! Its whiteness proves that. Persil has a way with it! It believes in persuasion. Its oxygen-charged suds coax out the stains and worked-in grime—yet all so tenderly that clothes and linen stay strong as new.

Have you any washing problems? Why not drop a line to Mrs. Holiday, Box 3767 SS, G.P.O., Sydney. She's an expert—and she'll be pleased to help you FREE!



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TO SAVE MANPOWER. Knit this frock yourself and save the manpower required to produce a made-up garment.

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The hand-knitted frock illustrated at right is shown with full instructions in the special "Sun-Glo" Frock Book, Series 50 (1/3 or 1/4½ posted).

Other Sun-Glo Knitting Books tell how to knit over 100 designs. (Price 7d. everywhere or 8½d. posted.)

If unable to purchase Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool, the supply of which is limited owing to National requirements, ask for Sunbeam Super, a Sun-Glo product and fully recommended by the manufacturers to be used in its place.

Send coupon below for free Style Guide showing all these styles.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F6684

F6684. — Slimly tailored, yet ultra feminine 'I am a suit'. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F5630

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: Write your name and full address in block letters. Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. State size required. For children state age of child. Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F5630. — Gay, perky little jacket to brighten your last season's frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3257. — Ten to sixteen yearers' jerkin suit. Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide, for skirt; 1yd., 36in. wide, for jerkin; 2½yds., 36ins. wide for blouse. Pattern, 1/7.

F3257

F1993. — Special occasions coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd., 54ins. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3234. — Shirtmaker frock with unusual pockets. 32 to 38 lns. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1993

362

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

TEA-TRAY SET

ABOVE you see such a dainty set for your tea-tray. The traycloth measures 18 x 12, cosy 13 x 10, and serviettes 11 x 11 inches.

The embroidery design is traced on crisp organdie in white, blue, and pink. Edges can be finished with lace. Complete set, comprising traycloth, cosy, and four serviettes, costs 7/9, plus 4½d. postage.

Individually: Traycloth 2/3, cosy 2/11, serviettes each 10d., plus 3½d. postage.

When ordering, please quote No. 362.

223

Charming frock

THE little frock shown left is fashioned from cecora, and comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on the material ready for cutting and making up.

The design features a shaped bodice coming to a point at waistline, a high Peter Pan collar, long full warm sleeves, and a slightly flared skirt gathered on to the bodice. The embroidery motif is very dainty and simple to work.

You may have it in grey, brown, green, or pink cecora. Also available in white wool crepe.

Sizes 1 to 2 years, 10/6; 2 to 4 years, 11/6; 4 to 6 years, 12/4. 4 coupons required, plus 6½d. postage.

When ordering, please quote No. 223.

213

Smart cosy jacket

AT left you see a handy little jacket which comes to you with the pattern traced on staple fibre wool ready to cut and sew.

You may have it in grey, rust, pale blue, or vintage.

The design is made with a high neckline and turn-down collar, short, well extended sleeves, and gaily embroidered twin pockets.

Sizes 32 and 34. 16/11 (10 coupons); 36, 38, and 40, 19/6 (10 coupons). Plus 9½d. postage.

Please quote No. 213.

Special Frock Service

"MURIEL" For Smart Matrons

THIS tailored frock has been fashioned strictly for the larger figure, and is a smart style for matrons. The top of the frock is perfectly plain and shows a turn back high cut collar, fullness at the shoulder, yoke and long, slim sleeves "Muriel".

is interpreted in flat crepe of medium heavy-weight in grey, sage, dusty pink, argentine blue, navy, wine and black. It may also be obtained in a plain staple fibre wool in grey rust, vintage, ink blue, and dark royal.

Sizes 36, 40-inch bust. Ready to wear, 40/11 (13 coupons); cut out only, 36/6 (13 coupons).

Sizes 42, 44, and 46-inch bust, ready to wear, 56/4 (13 coupons); cut out only, 42/11 (13 coupons).

Postage, 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "MURIEL": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 34982, G.P.O. Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page in this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 4819, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4889, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 4097, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 165C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4089W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

STREET

SUBURB

TOWN

STATE

SIZE Pattern Coupon 3/4/43



On shift work
at the annexe
or

Going to a Dance

SHE'S RADIANTLY LOVELY WITH
POND'S "LIPS" and POND'S POWDER

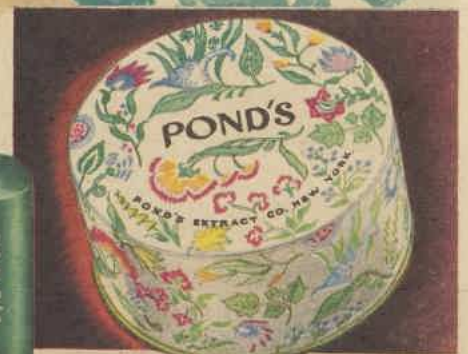


LONG hours on essential war work leave no time for complicated beauty methods. But Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips" are all she needs for wartime beauty. Pond's is the powder that stays on like a velvety bloom, flower-fragrant and misty-soft in texture. Partner it with Pond's "Lips" to give your mouth a bright, glowing sheen of colour that lasts and lasts.

THRIFT is a weapon to defeat the enemy. One way to help is to make your lipstick and powder spin out as long as you possibly can. Both Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips" are economical to buy and long-lasting in use . . . help you to save more money for War Savings Certificates.

Pond's "Lips" Pond's Powder

made by the makers of Pond's famous creams



PS. Pond's "Lips" Refills, in four morale-lifting shades, are now available at all chemists and stores.

STRETCH...for beauty's sake

● Every plumpish woman and "fat" girl pines for a slim, softly rounded figure... It can be yours.

THE three exercises illustrated on this page will work miracles for you if you do them every day.

Start off by repeating each movement six times, and gradually work up to twenty and more.

Combine exercises with sensible diet; that is, cut down on gravies, starchy and greasy foods; eat more raw fruit and salads.

Measure and weigh yourself monthly and surprise yourself—and your friends!



LEFT: Place hands behind head, forcing elbows back as far as possible, bend over to left, then follow the movement through to right; straighten to upright position and round again. For loosening arms and slimming waist.



SIT ON THE FLOOR with the legs stretched out flat. Swing over and touch the right foot, then swing back till you are lying on the floor, the arms by the sides. Then swing up to a sitting position and over again to touch the left foot. An excellent exercise for diaphragm, and hips, thighs, arms, and back.

Make war on rats

● They destroy ten times more than they eat; worse still, they're a menace to mankind.

By MEDICO

I WENT into a shop the other day to be met by the sight of assistants rushing from counter to counter.

"Goodness, what's wrong?" I asked as one dashed past with a piece of wood in his hand.

"Rats," came the terse reply, and, of course, I joined in the chase. It soon ended in our victory, and peace reigned once again.

"I don't know whether I am different from other people," said the young lady that served me, "but I just can't bear the sight of a rat."

"You're not any different," I replied. "Since the beginning of time man has hated rats, and with good cause. They are property-destroyer number one, and carry at

least seven deadly diseases, including plague."

From the viewpoint of other living creatures rats are just a nuisance and a pest. They eat anything and everything, and have been the cause of famine, fire, and flood. In fact, there is nothing that can be said in their favor.

The damage they do to property is bad enough, but the damage they have done to mankind is worse even; the course of history has been changed, and huge armies destroyed. At this minute typhus is playing its part in the war in Eastern Europe.

Rats destroy ten times as much as they eat. But there is another threat that we have to be on the lookout for: That is plague, carried from the rat to man by the rat flea.

Before the war quarantine restrictions for boats and planes coming into Australia—particularly from the East—were stringent, but war conditions make control measures difficult to maintain, and though extra care is being taken there is always a possibility of one infected rat escaping and spreading the disease. This danger will be avoided if we carry out a relentless war on these pests.

How to banish them

EVERY house should have a "keep out" sign for rats. Once they are denied food and a place to breed they will quickly leave. Their favorite nesting places are in cavities between walls, under floors and steps. They particularly like the lumber-room, where all the old odds and ends are stored. Under the piano is another good building site.

There are three simple "don'ts" that will make your house unsafe for rats. Don't have rubbish lying around—burn it or put it in a strong rubbish bin with a tight-fitting lid, and be sure the lid is always on. Don't leave any food stored where they can get at it. Potatoes and flour should be kept in a rat-proof bin. Don't neglect breaks in the walls. Close openings around pipes with netting or tin. It is amazing how small an opening they will get through—anything larger than half an inch is big enough.

If you have Pied Piper ambitions, here are some practical points: Rat traps of the break-back type are the best. Use some unusual food for bait. Try a piece of bacon rind with a few drops of vanilla essence.

Your local health department should be able to supply you with phosphorus baits. Handle them only with forceps or tweezers and place them on rafters or beams away from children and dogs.



ABOVE: "Touch your toes" is an old favorite, but particularly effective if you breathe in first, then swing over, making the hips work as much as the leg muscles. Stand with legs slightly apart. Touch floor just beyond right toes; repeat left.

Wonderful relief for SCALDS



An accident in the kitchen! A badly scalded hand... and the searing pain shot up my arm.



Luckily my sister was at home. She spread Rexona Ointment on a bandage and laid it on the scalded part.



At once Rexona gave relief. The fiery sting grew less. I kept up with the treatment and...



In a week the skin had completely healed. Rexona's SIX special medicaments did a marvellous job for me.

Rexona Ointment—still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in new handy jars

1/6

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles



C.47.27

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 5, 1943

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

This diagnosis applies to you if you are subject to Rheumatism — Backache Muscular Pains High Blood Pressure



Doctor (Examining Patient): "This pain in your back. Just what do you feel?"

Patient: "Sometimes it's a steady ache; other times a series of stabbing pains a little on one side."

Doctor: "You say your shoulders ache, also your arms and legs?"

Patient: "Yes, I've had that for a long time."

Doctor: "Do you find it an effort to get up after stooping?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. My legs get cramped and stiff when I stoop or bend for any time."

Doctor: "Do you find your joints creak when bending or walking up steps?"

Patient: "Yes, it feels as if the bones in my ankles are grinding together."

Doctor: "When you wake up in the morning, are your eyes pained and puffy?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. I've noticed that it is getting more pronounced, too."

Doctor: "You don't want to become a chronic invalid, crippled with rheumatism—useless to yourself and a nuisance to everyone else. You have been neglecting your health for some time, and now your kidneys are not doing their work of filtering out the poisons from your blood."

Patient: "I suppose that accounts for the pain and stiffness in my limbs and shoulders?"

Doctor: "Partly. It also accounts for the pains you get in the back."

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, High Blood Pressure, Flashes to Neck and Face, Backache, or Bladder troubles, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your Chemist or Store. A pure herbal treatment, Menthoids can only do you good and can be taken safely by even the most delicate patient.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart. M49A

AUSTERITY MESSAGES

From the wives...

... OF AUSTRALIA'S LEADERS

"Saving can be exciting. I have found that out for myself and pass it on to you. In peace time we Australians were free spenders, and it was fun to buy nice things, and plan little treats, but now we're at war, and a thrifty living is necessary to the success of the War Effort. Feel that every economy and self-denial helps our boys. Be proud of the mounting total of your Bonds and War Savings Certificates, and believe me, you'll get a thrill out of saving."

—Says Mrs. Jones wife of Air Vice-Marshal Jones



Muriel Jones



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Never Beyond this Shore

Here at the sea's edge is as near to Jim as I can go. Other women have gone farther than this. There were women on Corregidor; women have gone to the Middle East... to New Guinea; women have been lost in the Battle of the Atlantic.

But I know I would be foolish to dream of serving as they have. For a woman to go farther than this shore demands a special skill, complete independence—and I have neither.

No, my task is here, here in the little storm-tight house that sits back from the shore, here with my son.

And if I become discontented with the seeming smallness of my task, Jim's words come back to steady me. "I'm leaving you a very important job, Mary. Until this war is won there won't be any more evenings when we can sit by the fireside and plan our tomorrows together. It will be up to you to make the plans for the three of us, Mary," he said. "Keep our dreams alive."

Make no little plans, you who build the dream castles at home. When you try to imagine the future, after he returns, be sure your imaginings are full of bright and cheerful hues, for the world of to-morrow will be resplendent in things you don't know — never even imagined. Allow for a home equipped with Electric Servants to wash, cook, clean, sweep—to keep warm and to cool. Allow for time to live and be happy in a brave new world. When you are dreaming of your better to-morrow count on HOTPOINT.

THE HOTPOINT REDMAN SAYS

"Put your Savings into WAR BONDS"



Hotpoint

E L E C T R I C S E R V A N T S

Advertisement of AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED





Satisfying . . .

STEAMING hot vegetable pasties, served with sharp, tomato-flavored sauce, as illustrated at left, are heart-warming fare for a cold winter's night. Salad to follow, with hot coffee and biscuits, is a good idea. See recipe for pasties on this page.

CORNISH PASTIES

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 lb. minced or diced steak, 1 1/2 cups diced raw vegetable such as potato, carrot, marrow, onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Combine meat, vegetables, parsley and seasoning. Divide the pastry into about 6 pieces. Roll each piece into a round, and moisten half edge. Divide the meat and vegetable mixture between the rounds. Pinch edges together, glaze with milk, and place in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) and after 10 minutes reduce the heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 20 minutes.

CREAMED RABBIT PIE

Six ounces flaky pastry, 1 rabbit, 1 or 2 onions, 1 1/2 cups white sauce made with half milk and half rabbit stock, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Joint the rabbit and cook slowly in a little water in a tightly-lidded pan for 45 minutes. Add to the water for flavor—bacon rinds, few sprigs parsley, mint or thyme, and a slice or two of onion. Drain rabbit when cooked, remove meat from bones, and combine with sauce, bacon and parsley. Season to taste and place in an oven-proof dish in layers with thinly-sliced, parboiled onion. Top with pastry. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook for further 15 minutes.

STEAK AND ONION ROLL

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 lb. minced steak, 2 or 3 onions, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 or 3 tablespoons water, pepper and salt.

Slice the onions and lightly fry in the dripping. Combine the meat and flour, moisten with water, season and cook over a low heat until the mixture just changes color. Roll the pastry thinly to an oblong shape. Spread with the cooled meat mixture, and cover with the lightly-fried onion slices. Roll firmly, moistening the edges before closing. Mark with back of knife into service-sized pieces, place on flat oven tray, and glaze with milk or milk and egg. Place in hot oven (450 deg. F.), and cook for 10 minutes, and then reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook for a further 20 minutes.

SHORT PASTRY

Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3oz. good beef dripping, squeeze of lemon, 1 dessertspoon sugar for sweet crust, cold water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in fat, and mix to a dry dough, handling quickly and lightly.

FLAKY PASTRY

Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2oz. butter, 1 1/2oz. dripping or lard, cold water.

Sift dry ingredients and rub in half the butter. Mix to a dry dough and roll to oblong shape. Spread two-thirds with half dripping, flour lightly, and fold in three. Close ends, repeat twice, using remaining butter and dripping. Roll thinly.

HOT, ENERGISING PASTRIES

● People are working harder and longer—and that calls for energy-producing, satisfying meals. Pastries, hot and crisp from the oven, oozing with delicious fillings, are easy-to-make answers to winter problems.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

SHORT and flaky pastries are the most universally used because they are easy to make and economical.

The squeeze of lemon or dash of vinegar counteracts the fatty flavor of dripping in pastry.

The rule of half as much fat as flour is a safe one, and gives a crisp or flaky result, according to the method of mixing.

A pastry hand is one that can be cultivated: keep the ingredients cool but not icy cold, handle as little as

possible, mix to a dry and not soft dough, and bake in a hot oven.

Recipes for fillings are legion. Make the best use of ingredients available and get the imagination to work on flavor variation.

Now for recipes:

CURRIED MINCE PIES

Eight ounces flaky pastry, 1 lb. minced steak, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, squeeze of lemon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon curry powder to taste, pepper and salt, 1

dessertspoon flour, 2 or 3 tablespoons water.

Saute the onion in the fat, add the grated apple, parsley, lemon rind and juice, curry powder, pepper, salt, flour, and meat. Moisten with water and cook over low heat until the meat just changes color. Roll the pastry thinly, cut into rounds, line patty-tins with half the rounds. Moisten edges of pastry and fill with meat mixture. Cover with remaining pastry rounds. Brush with milk or milk and egg, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes.

ORANGE CREAM FLAN

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 cups milk (or milk and water), 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon orange juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon match strips of thinly-peeled orange rind, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, few mint sprigs.

Line a flan case or sandwich tin with the shortcrust pastry. Glaze

and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) until crisp and browned, 10 to 15 minutes. Blend the cornflour with a little cold milk. Heat the remainder of the milk and sugar, stir in the cornflour, simmering gently for few minutes. Cool slightly and add the egg and orange rind and juice. Pour into the pastry case, and sprinkle orange rind strips on top, sprinkling on this the brown sugar and spice. Garnish with mint sprigs.

CAULIFLOWER CASSOLETTES

Six ounces short pastry, flavored in mixing with 1 1/2 tablespoons grated sharp cheese, 2 cups lightly-cooked cauliflower, broken into flowerets, 1 cup white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped ham or bacon.

Roll pastry thinly, line deep patty-tins, glaze, prick with fork, and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes, or until crisp and brown. Fill cassiolettes with hot, cooked cauliflowerets. Add parsley and ham or bacon to sauce, and spoon this over the cauliflowerets. Serve hot.

FARE DINKUM!



PEG FILED HER APPLICATION FOR 'GUARDING' SHE'D A FLAIR



CREATED A SENSATION—THE 'FAIR' COLLECTING 'FARE'



BUT AUNT FITZ-SNOOT WAS GRIEVED TO HEAR "YOUR HANDS! YOU'LL RUIN THEIR BEAUTY"



"I 'GUARD' AGAINST THAT FATE, MY DEAR, WITH SOLVOL AFTER DUTY"



ALL HANDS TODAY NEED — SOLVOL

Make a hay-box...save fuel

● Reader tells how to make and use a fireless cooker... wins first prize in this week's best recipe contest.

SEND in one of the recipes you have evolved to suit the times.

Each week a first prize of £1 is given, and consolation prizes of 2/6 for good, sensible, timely recipes.

No conditions: Simply write out your home-tested recipe, print your name in block letters with full address, and send to us.

In these days, when it is necessary to economise in fuel as well as everything else, every home should have a hay-box, or fireless cooker, in which anything usually

boiled for long periods can be cooked.

Obtain a strong butter box (or similar style of box) with lid. The latter should be fixed on with hinges, and a hook and staple fastener on the opposite side, as it is essential for the box to be shut down tightly.

Line the inside of the box with folded newspapers, then fill with straw, making a nest hole in the centre in which to place the saucepan. A small cushion to fit the box, filled with straw, should be made to put on top of the saucepan.

All manner of things can be cooked in this box, such as boiled fowl, boiled ham, corned beef, soups, beetroot, stews of all kinds, etc.

It is essential, however, to bring them well to the boil, and have a tight-fitting lid on the saucepan, before placing them in the box, and to make sure that the straw cushion is placed tightly over the pan, and the lid of the box shut down well. This is to ensure that the heat is kept in the pan.

The time taken to cook things in this manner is about twice the usual period of ordinary cooking. If the meats are not tender or quite cooked when taken out they can be boiled up again and replaced in the box for a further period.

SOUP STOCK AND MEAT SPREAD—Hay-Box Recipes

One veal shank with about 1lb. of meat on it, or 1 shin bone with same amount of meat; 2 little bacon bones for flavoring; salt to taste.

Cover bones with water and simmer gently till cooked, or bring to



FROM POT TO PLATE is time-saving kitchen strategy to-day. Get out your casseroles and keep them out. They save time, dish-washing—and are excellent containers for cooking those cheaper, tougher cuts of meat. Above you see Penny Singleton, of Columbia, preparing apples to be cooked en casserole.



A DELICATE DISH for a tired family or convalescent patient is pictured here. Crumbed sweet-breads have not only a rare flavor and smooth texture, but are the most easily digested form of animal food.

AUSTERITY BLOCK CAKE

One cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup syrup, 1 cup marmalade, 1 cup coffee (strong), 2 eggs, 2lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, 4 pieces peel, 6 cups flour, grated nutmeg, spice (if procurable), 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs singly, beat well, then add marmalade, syrup, fruit, etc., and lastly the flour and rising. Bake 3 hours. Half quantities can be used, and less fruit, if desired.

A good cake to send to the troops. Make in two separate tins and send at different times. Also a good cake to have on hand for surprise visits from the "boys," or at Christmas time to give the children instead of so much richer cake.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Florence Mashek, Carinya, 36 Gresham St., East Brisbane, Qld.

OATMEAL SCONES

Quarter pound flour, teacup milk and water mixed, 2oz. butter, a salt-spoon salt, 1lb. medium oatmeal.

Mix together flour and oatmeal, add salt, rub in butter or margarine and enough milk and water to make a stiff dough. Knead dough 5 minutes. Roll out, form into scones, bake in good hot oven 20 minutes.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. A. Felstead, 122 Morris St., Sunshine, Vic.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Poor Hector, he simply can't adjust himself to this meat rationing!"



SH!
he's sleeping like a babe

If you are not getting truly deep, restful sleep—you need Horlicks.

A hot cupful of Horlicks last thing before bed has such a soothing and quietening effect. In addition, it has the advantage of being highly nourishing, and so easy to digest that it puts no strain on the stomach during sleep.

Horlicks is made from malted barley, wheat and full-cream milk—one of the best protective foods. Horlicks is rich in protein, fats, carbohydrates and mineral salts and vitamins that build radiant vitality.

Drink Horlicks hot



HORLICKS

for deep restful sleep



before bed, and have deep, restful sleep to-night. You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/-, or handy glass jars, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



For Your Emergency Store
In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely if the top is replaced tightly.

the boil and place in hay-box (fireless cooker) for about 12 hours.

Delicious Paste: When meat is cooked, remove from the bone. Put through mincer into pledish, add good pinch of mace, piece of butter about size of walnut, season with cayenne pepper, stir well, add 1 cup of liquid from the bones, and leave in dish to set.

This makes an excellent meat paste for sandwiches, or can be served as a tea or supper dish, spread on hot buttered toast.

The liquid, after being cooled off and fat removed, is used for soup stock.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. Dawson, 16 Muston St., Mosman, N.S.W.

BEEF AND SPAGHETTI PIES

Boil green leaves of beet, drain well, chop finely and season well. Cook 1lb. of spaghetti and add a dessertspoon of butter, salt, and pepper. Line patty tins with short pastry. Put in spoonful of spaghetti, sprinkle with grated cheese and a little tomato sauce; then place a spoonful of cooked beet on top. Cover with pastry, making sure the edges are well sealed. They are excellent for school lunches, and only cost about sevenpence.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to R. K. Wilson, 26 Bates St., Homebush, N.S.W.

ORANGE CHUTNEY

Four oranges, 2 apples, 1lb. brown sugar, 4oz. sultanas, 2oz. preserved ginger, 1 pint vinegar, 1oz. salt, 1 onion, a little pepper, 1oz. chopped chillies.

Peel oranges, remove all pith and pips, and cut small. Peel, core, and chop apples finely, chop onion. Put oranges, apples, and onion into stewpan with other ingredients, add vinegar and boil slowly until the fruit is quite tender (about 1 hour).

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Edith Lawson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

SOUR MILK FRUIT CAKE

(1 egg)

One pound flour, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, 1lb. raisins (or just 1lb. mixed fruit will do), 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teacup baking soda, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, and beat well. Then add milk (in which soda has been dissolved) alternately with flour, lastly add fruit. Mix well and bake 2½ to 3 hours in moderate oven. This makes a lovely cake which keeps moist. It can also be made with sweet milk and 2 tablepoons vinegar, using soda as above.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Vint, c/o Mrs. F. Thompson, Sugarloaf Rd., Stanthorpe, Qld.

TASTY PIE

Cut 1 sheep's fry into slices and let stand in a shallow dish of vinegar for 15 minutes. Fry about 1lb. bacon rashers and 1 large onion

Save Baby Pain and Sickness at

TEETHING TIME

You'll have smiles instead of tears at teething time if you give your baby Ashton & Parsons' Powders. They cool the blood, act as a gentle laxative, ensure restful nights and save much pain. These Powders are absolutely safe.



Box of 20 Powders, 1/6

ASHTON & PARSONS' Infants' Powders

PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD., Denison Street, North Sydney, N.S.W.

★BUY £10 NATIONAL SAVINGS BONDS

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

COUGHS AND COLDS are responsible for more "Absenteeism" than any other "minor" ailment. Get to work with...

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

Keep on buying War Savings Certificates and £10 War Bonds.

W. G. HEARNE & CO. LTD., GEELONG



How to raise the onion family

● Also grow giant-size silver beet and the two-in-one vegetable — kohlrabi.

By OUR HOME GARDENER

AND while talking about onions and garlic the claims to recognition of leeks, Welsh onions, and chives must not be overlooked—for they, too, belong to the strong men of the garden.

At this time of the year onion and leek seed can be sown almost anywhere in Australia, or seedlings set out in fertile soil. Both take from eight to ten months to mature.

Though it thrives best in a temperate climate where there is plenty of moisture, the onion will grow under a wide variety of soil and climatic conditions. The soil should be fertile, moist, well-cultivated, and free of stones, clods, and other foreign matter. Start the seed in moderately good soil and transplant the seedlings when about six or seven inches tall. Trim off the tops to an even height about ten days before lifting, and shorten the roots back to about 1 inch before setting out. Much the same rules apply to leeks.

In each case bury the roots only and let the base of the bulb rest on the soil surface and firm well all round. Do not bury the bulbs deeply or they will not develop into satisfactory vegetables. Onions will develop bulb necks and leeks will become bulbous at the base—neither will keep well.

Garlic requires little room in the garden and enough for family use can be grown in small space. Half a dozen or so plants will be ample for most families, as the cloves keep well if allowed to mature and dry well before being harvested.

Garlic seldom produces seed and is propagated by planting the small cloves which make up the big bulbs. These should be carefully separated and planted singly about 6 inches apart in well-prepared soil.

Chives are included in the herb section, also Welsh onions. Only the vegetative tops or foliage of these vegetables are used. Chives are tiny, onion-like plants that grow quickly in dense clumps. They should not be allowed to go to seed or they may become as troublesome as nut or onion grass.

The green tops should be cut in bunches, washed, and added to salad, used in sandwiches, or soups and stews. They have all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the onion, and are very mildly but deliciously flavored.

Welsh onions are hardy perennials that make no proper bulbs, but grow into what look like clumps of stout spring onions. The bunches can be sliced off at the ground level or divided and eaten like eschallots, or in soups or stews.

SILVER BEET

Silver beet, or Swiss Chard, is commonly called spinach in Australia, although it is not in any way related to the true spinach *oleracea*. When well grown in rich soil, and given ample water and regular applications of liquid manure, the leaves are succulent, tasty, and contain iron and valuable mineral salts.

It is second only to cabbage in importance as a green vegetable today, and huge quantities are grown

KOHLRABI (pictured here) is a member of the cabbage family with a mild flavor resembling that of the cabbage and turnip combined.

in the warmer parts of Australia.

As the outer leaves attain usable size they should be broken or cut off close to the centre. Others will develop from the crown, and so one planting will yield from year to year. The principal pest of this vegetable is the beet web moth grub. Dusting regularly with derris root powder is recommended.

Children's playtime BY OUR MOTHERCRAFT NURSE

THOSE who have made a close study of children look upon their play as Nature's education.

Play is, indeed, the child's work and the means whereby he grows and develops, and active play can be looked upon as a sign of mental health, while its absence can be due to mental ill-health or to some inborn defect.

It is most important, therefore, for parents to see that their children get the right kind of play and the best materials, and their own little domain in which they can play without interruption.

A leaflet dealing with a child's play and suitable toys has been pre-

pared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 W.W. G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



WASHING DOLLY'S CLOTHES is a joy to this little "mother." Note her absorption in the job!

It's Smarter to be EXOTIC

EAU DE COLOGNE Exotiq

7 BOTTLES FROM 1/11 (JUGGET) AT ALL LEADING RETAILERS



THE GARDEN yields beauty for indoor decoration—a bunch of anemone daisies and irises.

KOHLRABI

The edible portion is the swollen stem just above the ground and the central young leaves, which make excellent greens.

The turnip-like portion must be harvested while it is young and tender, about the size of a billiard ball, or it becomes woody and stringy. It is cooked and eaten like turnips.

The plants are easy to grow, but do not thrive in very hot weather,

and should be handled as an autumn-winter or spring crop. It is best to make a succession of plantings, starting the first seedlings under glass. In this way a small supply of tender "bulbs" will be provided for table use as needed.

Transplant or thin out to stand 6 inches apart in rows 18 inches apart. Culture, soil, diseases and pests are the same as in the case of cabbage, except for the difference in spacing.

RAVISHING

Rita Hayworth

Busier than ever, this adorable star finds time to help the rubber salvage campaign. These hectic days how glad she is of her easy beauty care.

LUX TOILET SOAP IS A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE. IT LEAVES SKIN SOFTLY SMOOTH. I USE IT EVERY DAY.

Actual statement by Columbia's RITA HAYWORTH, now starring in "You Were Never Lovelier"

COSTS SO LITTLE . . . LASTS SO LONG

A LEVER PRODUCT



How's this for Coupon Value, Mum?

A Boy's Pullover by

Jantzen

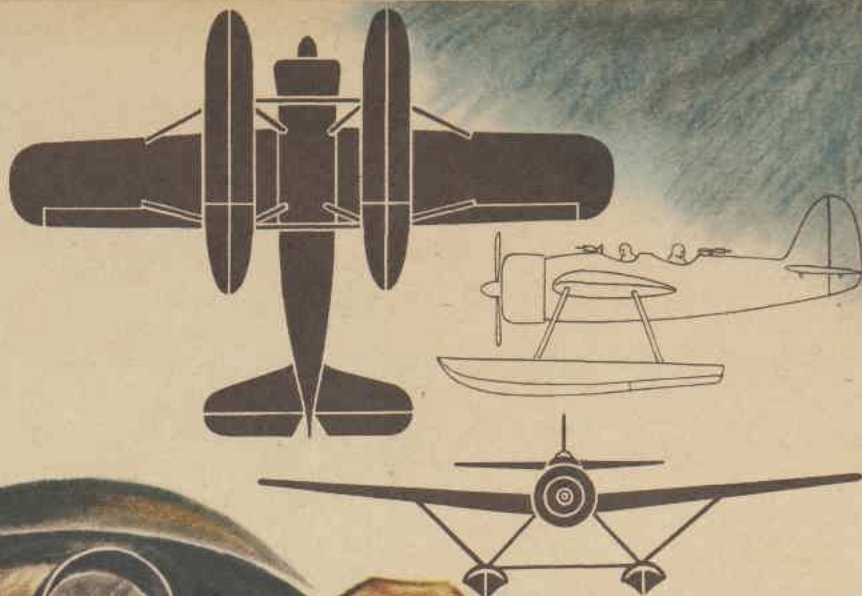
And you know how Jantzens last! They're made to stand years of hard wear . . . the brand is a guarantee of that. Yes, this is the pullover for your boy! It's made from a tough, hard-wearing yarn that will stand up to all the knocking about a boy gives his clothes . . . and it's in college grey to conform with general school regulations.

Boys: Sizes 24-28. Price 16/6 (5 coupons).

Youths: " 30-32. " 17/6 (5 coupons).

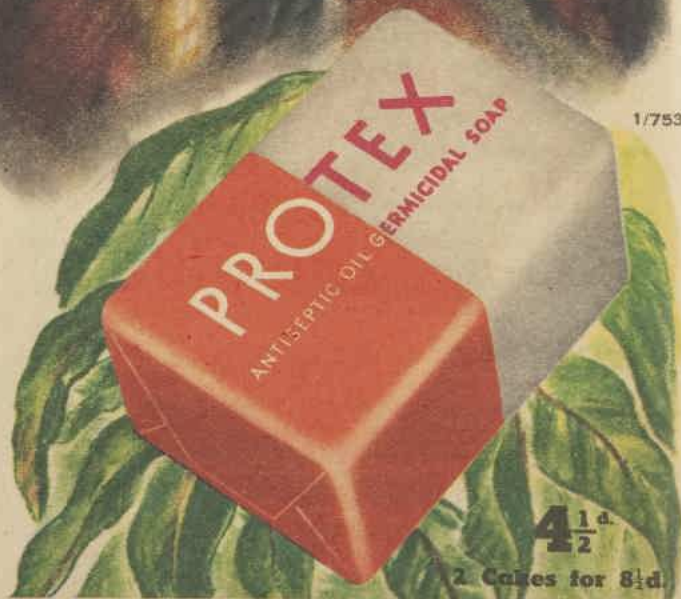
Spotting danger!

Memorise these points so you will recognise this Japanese NAKAJIMA NAKA — a double seater Floatplane Fighter. Look for the single propeller rising from a projecting cone on round blunt nose. It is a small plane with oblong wings rounded at ends. Two floats project beyond nose of plane, connected by light struts to wings. Fuselage ends in pointed tail with single upstanding rudder. (Span 36' 9" — Length 33' 6" — Height 11' 5".)



You're being a good citizen in studying aircraft identification in case of emergency . . . and you're being a wise citizen when you use Protex as your family health soap. Protex contains an antiseptic MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE THAN CARBOLIC. Protex is safe for sensitive skin and this grand, economical family soap is famous for its fragrant, bushland tang.

**DID YOU
PROTEX YOURSELF
THIS MORNING?**



1/753

4 1/2

2 Cakes for 8 1/2

ADORABLE JUMPER

● Featuring circular yoke and basket weave stitch for 8 to 9-year-olds. Do make it!

DIRECTIONS are given for both long and short sleeves.

You are asked to use the wool specified, otherwise success of garment cannot be expected.

Materials Required: 4 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof or "Sun-beam" super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2163 (ballet-blue); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 4 small buttons. Colored silks for embroidery.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 15 ins. Chest, 26 ins. Length of sleeve seam, 31 ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together.

Tension: 7 sts., 1 in.; 9 rows, 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 4, * p 8, k 4; repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: P 4, * k 8, p 4; repeat from * to end. Repeat last 2 rows.

5th Row: P 6, * k 4, p 8; repeat from * to last 10 sts., k 4, p 6.

6th Row: K 6, * p 4, k 8; repeat from * to last 10 sts., p 4, k 6.

Repeat 5th and 6th rows.

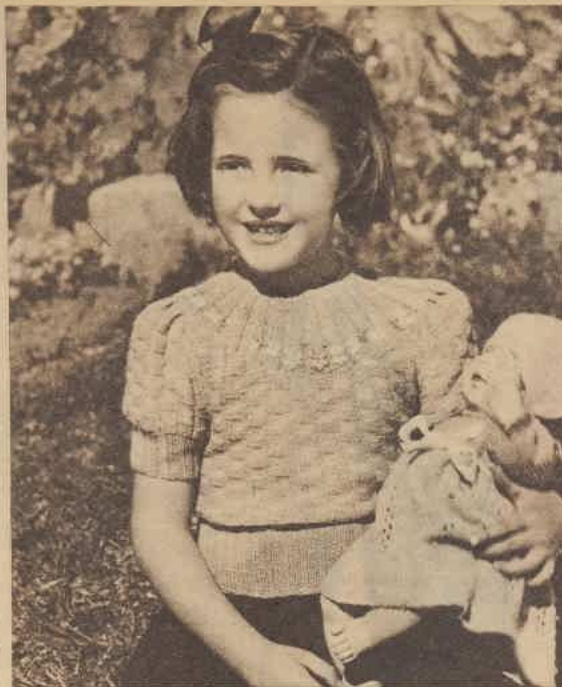
Repeat last 8 rows, and when work measures 10 ins., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog, each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. Work 6 rows.

Next Row: Work 28 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 20 sts., work 28 sts. Continue on last 28 sts., and k 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 1 st. Fasten off. Join wool, and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete.

Next Row: Work 28 sts. (leave on



THIS PRETTY BASKET WEAVE JUMPER was worked in a lovely blue with soft pink daisies sprinkled around the circular yoke.

spare needle), cast off 20 sts., work 28 sts. Continue on last 28 sts., and k 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 1 st. Fasten off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 52 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3 ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 2, * p twice into next st. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., p 2 (100 sts.). Work in pattern for 11 ins., then k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

YOKE

With right side of work towards you, commencing at centre back, and using No. 10 needles, pick up and k 44 sts. around yoke, cast

on 20 sts. for shoulder, pick up and k 88 sts. across front, cast on 20 sts. for other shoulder, then pick up and k 44 sts. across remaining half of back, cast on 6 sts. (222 sts.).

1st Row: K 6, * k 2, p 6, repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 6, p 2, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Repeat last 3 rows for 4 in.

Next Row (wrong side): K 6, * k 2, p 2, p 2 tog., p 2, repeat from * to end (196 sts.).

Next Row: * K 5, p 2, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, * k 2, p 5, repeat from * to end.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 1 in.

Next Row (wrong side): K 6, * k 2, p 1, p 2 tog., p 2, repeat from * to end (168 sts.).

Next Row: * K 4, p 2, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, * k 2, p 4, repeat from * to end.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 1 1/2 ins.

Next Row (wrong side): K 6, * k 2, p 1, p 2 tog., p 1, repeat from * to end (141 sts.).

Next Row: * K 3, p 2, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, * k 2, p 3, repeat from * to end.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 2 ins.

Next Row (wrong side): K 6, * k 2, p 2 tog., p 1, repeat from * to end (114 sts.).

Next Row: Change to No. 12 needles, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to end.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 3 ins.

Next Row (wrong side): K 6, * k 2 tog., p 2, repeat from * to end (87 sts.).

Next Row: * K 2, p 1, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, * k 1, p 2, repeat from * to end.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 3 1/2 ins. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Work 1 row of d.c. down back opening, making 4 loops to form buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Embroider yoke as shown in illustration.

The Far Hills Sing

Continued from page 2

SHE laughed softly. "Well, that might be considered pretty close. But let me read your letter. I've got work to do."

Barbara said there finally had been a little winter weather. The children went up behind the big black barn and had a snowball fight—as they did the time Jimmy chased the girls and caught Rose Evans and washed her face with snow.

"Uncle Ben came in with his family for dinner on Sunday. It would have been perfect if you could have been here, darling."

Jimmy Turner was smiling at the memory of washing Rose Evans' face with a snowball. "I wasn't listening to that last bit," he said.

The Voice read it again, and read Barbara's closing: "With all my love."

After she had gone the doctors came in. Simons and the rest.

"How do you feel, Turner?" Simons asked. "Like having a little operation to-morrow?"

They put an ether mask on his face. He had one whiff, and it was intoxicating. He yelled: "Wait a minute!"

The anaesthetist lifted the mask. "Just relax," he said.

"Where's Miss Evans?" Jimmy demanded.

"Miss Evans? Who is that, sir?"

"She's a nurse. She's small and she has brown hair. And a voice like honey."

"Just relax. There isn't any Miss Evans here."

The ether came again, and his pulses turned into noises like trains whipping across trestles.

"I bet he meant Mrs. Miller. That description fits her. Mrs. Miller... Voice... like..."

Jimmy Turner was suddenly angry at Mrs. Miller, at the Voice. But the crimson darkness was turning to all sorts of violent colors...

Then somebody hit him across the open eyes with a dazlingly white towel, and nausea wrenched at the pit of his stomach. He heard a queer, sharp catching of breath, and a woman's sobbing. Then he knew nobody had struck his face with a towel. That was just the light—the blessed light on the hospital orderly's uniform.

He heard her soft footsteps and the rustle of the starched skirts. She was still crying. "Rose Evans," he said.

She caught her breath again. "You can see!" she cried. "Oh, Jimmy—you knew me! You can see!"

"I knew you yesterday," he said. "You've been away from Brecon Hill too long, Rose. That black barn was torn down three years ago. And Barbara's Uncle Ben has been dead four years. His voice grew stern and abrupt. 'Why did you do it? I don't want pity from you—or anyone.'"

The Voice was still sobbing. "Why do you think?" she cried. "For the same reason I let you catch me that time to rub snow in my face. For the same reason I practically forced you to dance with me at that cricker dance. I wasn't pitying you! I—I—oh, what does it matter now? It helped you!" She tried to go away.

Jimmy Turner held her hand tightly. "What's this Mrs. Miller business?" he asked. "And how does it happen you're out here?"

"Because I did get married—I've been a widow three years. I had to do something, so when war broke out I joined the Red Cross."

Jimmy Turner smiled. "Listen, Rosemary Evans Miller! I want you to say something first-hand. You aren't quoting anybody else, understand? Say it—say 'darling!'"

Some voices are created expressly for that beautiful word.

(Copyright)

Aunt Polly says



Seems to me a woman cries for either one o' two reasons; she's tender-hearted, or she's hopin' to make someone else feel tender-hearted.

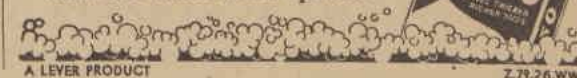
Did you ever stop to thank your stars for Rinso? There's nothing to touch those rich thick suds for grimy overalls and heavy shirts as well as fine linens.

The girl who never lets a man catch her wearing an apron has plenty o' trouble catching a husband.

Some people would be mighty rich if they could get a penny for every opinion they give away free.

It kinda cheers me to think that folks don't have to be rich to make washday real easy. Just a squeeze through Rinso suds and silks and woolies come up like new.

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle



Z.79.26.WW



The cleanser that makes all your cleaning easy!

Yes, all your cleaning is easier when you use Bon Ami... regularly. That's because Bon Ami contains no coarse harsh grit to dull the surface as you clean. Instead it leaves a glistening polish—makes your cleaning easier the next time. Try one package and see for yourself—there's no finer, safer all-purpose cleanser.

Bon Ami
quick, safe, thorough



Stop Kidney Poisoning Today

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Sleepless Nights, Backaches, Lumbago, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Colds, Furry Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Lack of Energy, Appetite, etc. You must kill the germs ruining health. Cystex relieves these troubles by removing the cause. Get Cystex from any chemist or store on Guarantee to satisfy you or money back. In 24 hours you will be feeling better. The Guarantee protects you. Now

Cystex
GUARANTEED
for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



FASHION THROUGH THE AGES

ANCIENT ROME

Toga and tunica were the national costume of Ancient Rome, their colour and embroidery denoting the social status of the wearer. Fine cloths were plentiful, but bright fast colours were so rare that it was made a treasonable offence for any to wear Tyrian purple save the Emperor. How different is the story to-day, when colourful clothes are within the reach of all and colours are as durable as they are brilliant. To this happy state I.C.I. have made an important contribution, having added many thousands of dyestuffs for all purposes, backed by a free advisory service to guide dyers in their application.

Until comparatively recent times the various articles with which man surrounded himself were fashioned from natural materials. His home was built of wood or stone, his garments made of wool, cotton or silk. But to-day the chemist takes Nature's materials, pulls them apart, and reassembles them in a form better suited for our needs.

Raw materials — wood, brimstone, salt, phosphate rock, limestone, coal, glycerine, alcohol, oils, and pigments — are all being changed by the magic of modern chemistry into an ever-growing list of necessities of present day living, such as coal tar dyes to replace natural colouring matter .. synthetic

yarns such as Nylon .. Perspex, a new plastic material only half the weight of glass, for windscreens in aeroplanes .. Kallodent, the modern plastic denture base .. and a host of other wonders.

Life, as we know it, however, would be unutterably changed if modern industrial chemistry ceased to function. Comforts and conveniences which we take for granted, and which have come to be vital necessities, would disappear. Yet all these blessings which chemistry has given us are but a promise of others yet to come, for industrial chemistry is synonymous with progress.



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

Manufacturers and Suppliers of General Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Organics, Nylon Products, "Kallodent," "Perspex," Food Phosphates, etc.